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SOME RECORDS OF THE LATER LIFE OF HARRIET, COUNTESS GRANVILLE

By her Grand-daughter

SUSAN H. OLDFIELD

Gift of

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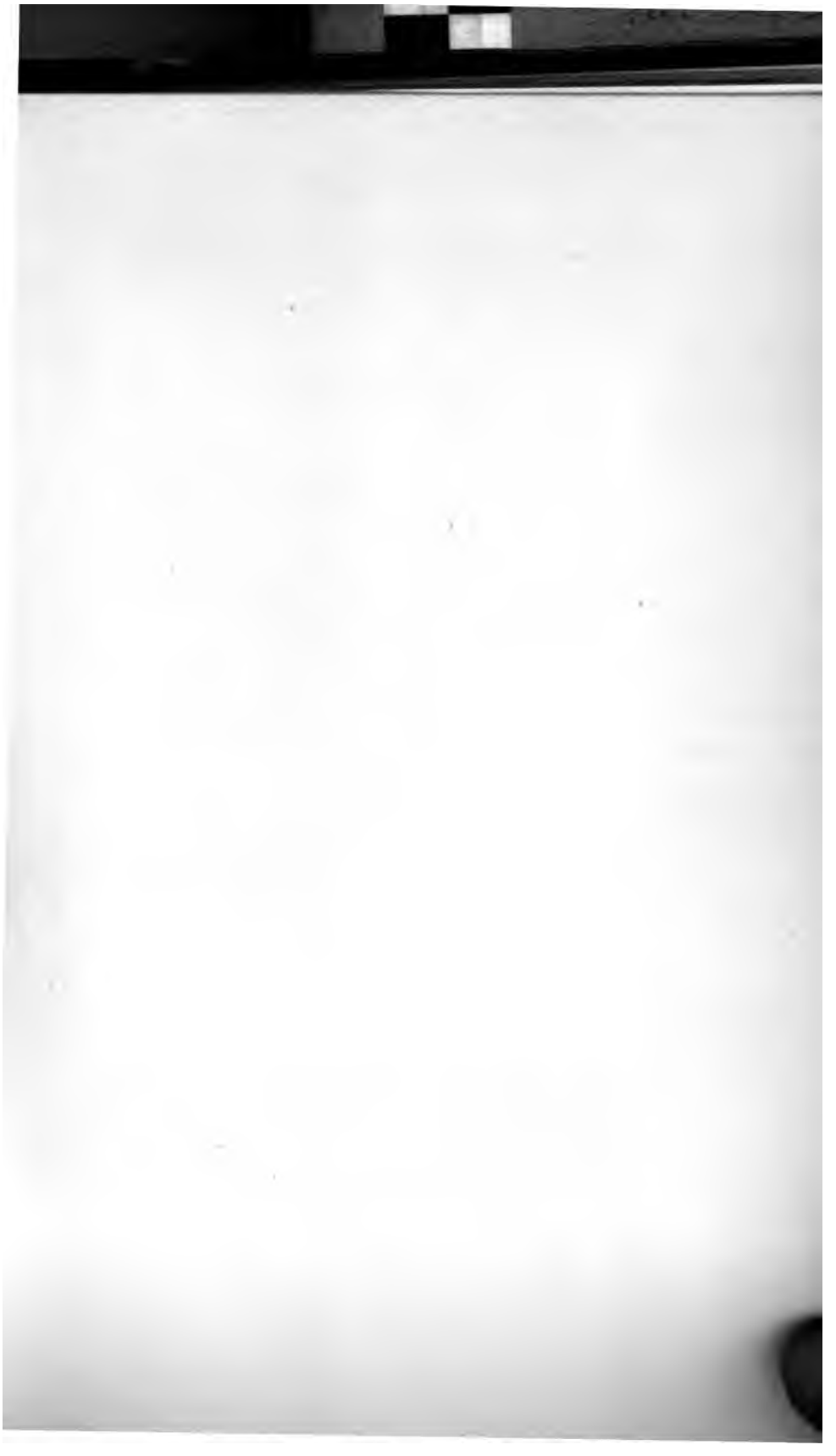
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HARRIET, COUNTESS GRANVILLE





Harriet, Countess Granville.

From a photograph.

RECORDS of the Inner Life

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[illegible]
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1917

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SOME RECORDS of the Later Life of HARRIET, COUNTESS GRANVILLE

By her Grand-daughter

SUSAN H. OLDFIELD

WITH PORTRAITS

LONGMANS, GREEN, AND CO.
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PREFACE

'THE Letters of Harriet, Countess Granville,' edited by her son, the Hon. F. Leveson Gower, and published in 1894, were all written during her married life, the most brilliant part of her career. After her husband's death she lived in almost complete retirement. But to me, who knew her almost exclusively in that latter time, it has seemed that some sort of record of the years of her widowhood was required to complete the picture of her most beautiful and unselfish life, and that this would not be without interest even to those who never knew her personally. The present volume is an endeavour to carry out this idea. In preparing it for publication, I am much indebted to my uncle, Mr. Leveson Gower, who not only lent

many letters, here first given to the world, but helped me with much useful criticism, and I here most gratefully acknowledge his valuable assistance. I have also the pleasant duty of recording the kindness of the following relations and friends who have either allowed photographic portraits of persons mentioned in the ensuing pages to be taken from pictures or miniatures in their possession, or have aided me in obtaining similar illustrations from owners of such works—Lord Carlisle, Lord Morpeth, Lord Ronald Sutherland Gower, Sir Henry Farquhar, Lady St. Germans, Lady Granville, and Lady Isabel Stewart.

S. H. O.

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SOME RECORDS

OF THE LATER LIFE OF

HARRIET, COUNTESS GRANVILLE

CHAPTER I

Death of Lord Granville—Lady Granville's commonplace-books—She goes to Rushmore—She takes a house at Bournemouth—Her life there—Extracts from books, and her comments upon them—Correspondence with Lady Georgiana Fullerton.

LORD GRANVILLE died on January 8, 1846. Long as his death had been expected, when the end came it was a crushing blow to his wife, from which she never quite recovered. From that time she entirely gave up the world, and lived in the most absolute retirement, avoiding all society except that of her nearest relatives. In the first moment of her grief she was perfectly overwhelmed by it. Her chief solace was in religion. She used to spend much of her time in writing in commonplace-books, collecting her extracts from a vast variety of authors of every opinion and almost of every creed, very often

adding remarks of her own. At first these extracts were wholly religious, but by degrees they took a wider range.

These books of extracts, which have remained in the possession of her family, form to some extent a sort of journal of the later years of her life, as every here and there original remarks of her own are interspersed, which show the circumstances under which they were written, and refer to the relations by whom she was surrounded. She seems to have begun these books almost immediately after Lord Granville's death, though it is difficult to identify the exact dates, which in the earlier volumes are insufficiently marked.

Very soon after his death she came to Rushmore, the home of her daughter, Lady Rivers, and I well remember our awestruck feeling when we were as children first admitted into her presence. Only my little brother Granville was kept out of the way on account of his name, which she could not hear without emotion. Her eldest son was always, even to the day of his death, called 'Leveson' by his own family.

After her visit to Rushmore, Lady Granville took for a few months a house at Bournemouth, where she had many of her grandchildren with her, with Mr. Martyn, the boys' tutor, and Mlle. Serquet, the girls' governess. She seems to have liked the

place very much, and writes thus of it and of her life there to her daughter, Lady Georgiana Fullerton, either on this occasion or on a subsequent visit :

'A day like May. Yesterday I went down a flight of broad stone steps with a railing down to the sands (it is such an improvement), and walked for ages on the hard sand, even better than Worthing —neither Mr. Martyn nor I can understand—we both remember it soft ?

'I dine and drink tea, and spend from twilight to eight below stairs, my evenings and most of my walks alone—I wished for you all as I paced up and down.

'This morning I wound up a steep lonely path to the Eagle's Nest,[1] and there I found a large space—it seemed quite close to the blue sky, and the entourage of the woods you know, gave all the illusion of summer. I staid there some time and thought much of you. I shall make this my daily early walk, and with the wide sands in the afternoon I feel as if Bourne was an undiscovered land. The circulating library is 10*s.* per month ; I double it, and she[2] gives me the use of new and interesting books. I have brought home to-day a new selection of sacred poetry, much that I never saw before. I

[1] The name of a house on the cliff at Bournemouth.

[2] *I.e.* Miss Sydenham, well known for many years at Bournemouth as managing a large circulating library in the town.

have had another excellent night—and now there is not enough, but too much, of myself. . . .

'God bless you, dearest.'

Lady Granville's other letters from Bournemouth contain many details about her grandchildren, and she comments also a great deal upon the books she is reading. She seems to have been much interested in a volume of poems by Mrs. Alfred Montgomery, which were printed about this time. She writes thus about them :

'I am going to copy Mrs. Montgomery's verses into my book with an altered word or two.

'I cannot judge of the poetry ; I am so absorbed in deep sympathy and the echo of my own daily feelings. How strange, how true it is !

'"Each has a world of thoughts alone." My last, I think, copy into my book was this :

My heart bounds wildly in my breast,
Dim fears upon me fall !
Within me, trembling and unrest,
Dark anguish shadowing all ;
Yet, in my day of dread,
I trust, I cling, to Thee !
Oh, Thou ! mine own high place
And shade in evil day,
My strength and hope,
Thine answers come
In terror, Lord, to bless.

In another letter, alluding to a friend of Lady

Georgiana's who was at that time in great sorrow, she writes :

'Much is expected from torn hearts, but not till He sees fit, and that longer experience, deeper suffering, or what we must always recognise and never can foresee—His all-powerful and all-merciful will—says *now*, and points through agony to peace.'

And in another letter she says :

'I have found beautiful bits—Lord Bacon, Coleridge, Praed, and one anonymous — which would be appalling to read at the close of an indolent life were it not for . . . [*sic*] and a thought of you—your opening and bright career—and then all mixed up with a new endeavour and struggle not to be Coleridge's " Poor Wretch " who

> Filled all things with himself,
> And made all gentle sounds tell back the tale
> Of his own sorrow.

'Then again, who but God knows the tasks to which few remaining years may be called by His high will to our prostrate ones ?

'Live for others. Let this be your great and earnest work.

'It will give an intense earnestness to life.

'To feel that you have still a work to do, and that your duty lies in doing it well.

'An indescribable zest, a strange joy, comes over

him who discovers that he has the means of being useful—his work and his mission in this world.

'Strive that it should be healthy, sustained, and constantly carried forward in the fear of God, with a humble and profound and religious consciousness that work is the appointed calling of man on earth, and his progressive advance towards heaven.

'What a letter to plunge into the full tide of London! But you are the wave, and you will read it in the "large, quiet garden."'

And in allusion to some extracts Lady Georgiana has sent her, she writes:

'I see Mrs. B. and Mrs. S. through the extracts, and therefore I think it prejudice that makes me think beautiful thoughts a little damaged by affectation and something forced, except one sentence.

'I have written in three of my books that I may meet it constantly,

'"We think too much upon *what* God has given us, and too little *why*. . . ."

'Whenever you extract for me, it is like an inserted bit of day put into my unvarying routine of life.'

In another letter from Bournemouth to Lady Georgiana, Lady Granville writes:

'I feel you think of me, and that is "one link to earth." You will like to know that I am well. I had a better night than I have had for ages. I felt

at first on a gloomy day, and the villa looking uninhabited and armchairless—"will it be trying?" I have made my room delightfully comfortable. The dogs have entirely left me for Mr. Martyn and the boys, who doat upon them. My night has given me a feel of health and strength (for a long time I had not been right in that respect); to you *alone* I say that a little of a La Trappe life is medicine and sedative to me, then varied, as this morning, by teaching music to George and knitting to his brother, their radiant, joyous faces turned to me. I felt ingratitude for blessings is, when allowed, a besetting sin. . . . God bless my dearest child. I know you like me to dab down whatever (hurricane or calm) crosses at the moment.

CHAPTER II

Lady Granville takes a house near Windsor—Her interests in her grandchildren—She moves to the Stud House—Her work for the poor—Her generosity.

AFTER spending some time at Bournemouth, Lady Granville settled to take a house near Windsor, called Fern Hill, which was large enough to enable her to have many of her family constantly with her.

But any change in her life required evidently an effort on her part, though she tried to rejoice in each opportunity of being helpful to others. In one of her letters she says, 'It does indeed please me to think that you will all like Fern Hill,' but in another she says, in writing to Lady Georgiana, from whom she was expecting a visit there:

'I do, and must, dread the gloom of Fern Hill, and of me for you; yet if its quiet is varied with engrossing occupation, and often your brothers and Marie,[1] I shall feel quite contented.

She very seldom writes of her own grief, but in one letter to Lady Georgiana from Bournemouth she says:

[1] Her daughter-in-law, Lady Granville.





THE FIVE ELDEST CHILDREN OF LORD AND LADY RIVERS:
GEORGE, SUSAN, FANNY, GRANVILLE, AND BLANCHE PITT

(From a Water-colour Drawing by J. Hayter)

'God bless you—my life, strange as it seems, is very full—monastic regularity of deed—tremendous want of limit in thought and tumultuous feeling—"one only Guide, to Whom the tide"—I *know* you do not show what I write. I can seldom, but sometimes it is an unspeakable relief to think in words to one so dear.'

Her grandchildren and their governess were much with Lady Granville at Fern Hill. Through all the latter years of her life they were a great interest to her, and I imagine that in the first months of her widowhood they must have comforted her as only children can comfort.

We soon discovered that she liked us to bring her hymns or prose passages for her commonplace-books, especially those bearing upon sorrow. Many of these are to be found there, marked as 'given me by George,' or 'given me by Tissy,'[1] &c., as the case might be. Now and then are childish verses composed by us. On one occasion my sister Fanny and I had presented my mother on her birthday with some verses which we had written in her honour and as a proof of our affection. She sent them to my aunt Lady Georgiana Fullerton to read, and in reply received the following, which naturally were copied into my grandmother's book:

[1] My own nickname as a child.—S.H.O.

'AND HER CHILDREN SHALL RISE UP AND CALL HER BLESSED'

My sister's birthday! Memory wakes again
The thoughts of years long past, and of the pen,
Unskilled in verse, with which I sought to pay
A girlish tribute to thy natal day.

Since then some twenty years have onward rolled
Their steadfast course and we are growing old;
The pen that once I held, thy daughters take,
And turn young poets for their Mother's sake.

'Her children shall rise up and call her blest:'
Thou know'st, my sister, Who that promise made;
Thine own have now fulfilled that high behest,
And at thy feet a grateful offering laid.

Go on, thou strong in heart! go on and bless
Each child, each friend in thy calm loveliness;
Walk on through life's unfolding scene with all
Thy bright, serene tenacity of will,
That never faints or shrinks when duties call,
Each in its turn obedient to fulfil.

'Scatter thy smiles on an uneasy earth,'
And yield us still the sunshine of thy mirth;
With patient strength each trial meet and stand,
The guardian angel of that youthful band.[1]

[1] Published, slightly altered, in *The Gold-digger's Story and other Poems* by Lady G. Fullerton.



SUSAN GEORGIANA, LADY RIVERS

(From a Water-colour Drawing by J. Hayter)

In a letter from Lady Granville to Lady Georgiana she writes of my father bringing her the above lines as follows:

'Rivers is just arrived—it is one of those moments in which I love him so much—he rushed to me in the garden, took a paper out of his pocket, and read it to me. We were both much affected. I need not say what I feel. Your verses are most beautiful; the tribute to your sister so true, so vivid, so adorable.

'May God in His mercy bless you both, and as He has permitted my dark nature to throw no shade over your characters, may none of your deservedly bright moments be clouded by my anguish. When I think of you both I feel, as somebody said, "le courage de vivre ou de mourir."'

Early in 1847 her son, Lord Granville, became Master of the Buckhounds, which office gave him for the time being the possession of the Stud House near Windsor, and he at once offered to my grandmother to make it her home. She still dates from Fern Hill on July 11 and 18, but in the autumn of that year she seems to have paid a visit to Rushmore, and to have settled at the Stud House in September. There, as before at Fern Hill, her grandchildren were much with her, and she entered into all our interests and amusements, and, as far as possible, allowed us to share her occupations, and

used to write charming letters to us after our visits to her. She also, as everywhere, was in the habit of going to see poor people in the neighbourhood and assisting them in various ways, generally after some original fashion of her own, for she was never commonplace in anything. It was a great pleasure to us children to be allowed to visit them also, and we early learnt to go and read to the old and blind, and to exercise a little self-denial on their behalf.

One of my grandmother's great employments was making all sorts of ingenious things to be sold in various ways for the poor or by the poor, and in this, of course, we much enjoyed helping her. In all these things her cleverness came out. She was one of those persons who can do a little of everything. For instance, she had a certain talent for painting. I cannot imagine her ever having sat down to do a regular water-colour drawing, but she would make pretty little paintings for bookmarkers or needle-books. At another time she would make butterflies out of geranium leaves, and paste them on to little boxes, &c. She was unfailing in her resources in all these ways. If any one dressed pretty dolls for her bazaars, or for her poor people to sell, or in any way gave her a new idea for such things, her pleasure would be almost like that of a child. All this made her most lovable and attractive. She was boundless in her generosity. My

mother used often to say that she was afraid of admiring anything, or saying in her presence that she wished to possess anything, lest my grandmother should forthwith give it to her. She only grudged money spent on herself. Her son Frederick used to manage her money matters for her during the last years of her life, and she used in fun to call her household expenses 'the enemy,' because the money she gave him for this purpose limited her charities.

CHAPTER III

Lady Granville returns to Bournemouth—Her religious impressions—The coastguard's hut—Correspondence with Lady G. Fullerton—Extracts from the Bible.

In February 1848 Lady Granville was again at Bournemouth, where Lord and Lady Rivers were spending the winter with their children. This time marked an epoch in her life. Amid all the distractions of her life in the world there had always been a strong current of religious feeling, yet she dated her actual conversion from this time at Bournemouth. She had sought for greater solitude than she could find in her own house. She wished to be somewhere where she could feel alone with nature and nature's God. For this purpose she obtained permission to go and spend several hours of each day in a little coastguard's hut on the West Cliff; and she always considered that it was there that light had first flashed upon her. Therefore the extracts of this period have a very special interest. Here is one:

I dedicate myself to Thee!
Teach me Thy will, and let me choose
Obedience to it. May I fear Thy power,
Walk in Thy light, now dawning out of darkness
Then went I in calmness down the mountain,
Through the deep glen, where not a sound was heard
But the low murmur of the distant ocean,
On to my home beyond in peace I walked.[1]

And a little further on she quotes,

One link less on earth, one link more in heaven,

as 'in Mr. Lynn's sermon, February 13, 1848, repeated to me on coming from church by George Pitt, I had not observed it.'

And again she quotes from Faber, under the date of February 17, 1848,

And thus was that little hut to me
A quiet church by the holy sea.

Lady G. Fullerton was with her mother during part of this spring, but left her at the end of March, and on March 30, 1848, we have this entry: 'Written from London the morning she left me: "It seems to me long since we parted. Just now *les minutes sont des siècles*, and express trains of rail and of thought carry one through time and space with incredible rapidity."'—G. FULLERTON.

On April 5 Lady Granville writes thus to Lady Georgiana:

[1] Montgomery.

'The weather is too fine, yet bracing, to-day. I am just come down from my heights, having been walking an hour and a half. I think when you see me again you will not know me. I walked very far along the cliff—not meeting a human being—and have found a little byway home, and I hear the Poole sands are excellent and entirely deserted. I found on the cliff, beyond the Fort and Flag, a small dry empty hut within, and a large comfortable bench without. I think a great deal of you,

'Ever your most affect.

'I thought of Mrs. Norton's beautiful line,

Unnoticed blessings fall on us like rain,

and wished fervently for more gratitude.

'It *is* in me, but still as a struggle and a burden. How dare I? but it is only to you, my dearest.'

These lines, quoted from Mackworth Praed, expressed doubtless some of Lady Granville's own feelings:

He wandered forth alone:
A quiet breeze around—from the waves
A soothing sound.

. . . . . .

Yet the aged man had a cloud of thought
On his wrinkled brow that night . . .
. . . Companionless
He traced the windings of that shore;
He did not mark how the skies in wrath
Grew dark about his head.

He did not mark how the mossy path
Grew damp beneath his tread,
And awfully were his features wrought
By some dark dream or wakened thought;
When peril has numbed the sense and will,
Though the hand and foot may struggle still.

And as if she contrasted her own feelings with the sweet serenity of her daughter Lady Rivers's character, by the side of this last quotation come the following lines by Cogan, marked 'Susan:'

Thy sky is ever clear,
Thou hast no sorrow in thy song . . .
No winter in thy year—

But for herself:

Yet that poor hut upon the wild . . . a stone beneath the tree,
And soul to Heaven reconciled—these are enough for thee.[1]

And later on comes:

Prayer in the hut,
He heard it from His heaven!
In its blue and boundless scope,
He saw that task of anguish,
And that fragile ark of Hope.

On April 4 the quotations dated from 'B Hut' are all from the New Testament, and all refer to our Blessed Lord's teaching and intercourse with His disciples. She loved to find in St. Matt. iv. 13, 18, that Christ dwelt in Capernaum 'upon the

[1] William Howitt.

sea coast,' that He was 'walking by the Sea of Galilee;' from St. Matt. xiii. 1 that 'Jesus went out of the house and sat by the seaside;' how he loved the mountain solitudes, for 'He went up into a mountain apart to pray, and when the evening was come He was there alone,[1] and 'He came nigh unto the Sea of Galilee, and went up into a mountain and sat down there;[2] and lastly, after some similar quotations, she notes how the last parting of Jesus from His disciples was on a mountain, as recorded in St. Matt. xxviii. 16.

On April 7 she writes still from Bournemouth: 'I found this passage marked in my Bible to-day, I know not by whom. It spake to me as man does not speak.

'"He hath made my chain heavy, He hath filled me with bitterness . . . and Thou hast removed my soul far off from peace; I forgat prosperity. And I said, My strength and my hope is perished from the Lord: remembering mine affliction and my misery, the wormwood and the gall. My soul hath them still in remembrance, and is humbled in me. This I recall to my mind, and therefore have I hope. . . . It is of the Lord's mercies that we are not consumed, because His compassions fail not. They are new every morning—great is Thy faithfulness. The Lord is my portion, saith my soul; therefore

[1] St. Matt. xiv. 23. [2] St. Matt. xv. 29.

will I hope in Him. The Lord is good unto them that wait for Him, to the soul that seeketh Him. It is good that a man should both hope and quietly wait for the salvation of the Lord. He sitteth alone and keepeth silence, because He hath borne it upon him. He putteth his mouth in the dust; if so be there may be hope—he is filled full with reproach. The Lord will not cast off for ever: but though He cause grief, yet will He have compassion according to the multitude of His mercies."'[1]

And again, under the same date, Lady Granville writes: 'I awoke this morning with an unusual degree of depression and nervous anxiety. I opened the Bible, and this text caught my eye: "Be not a terror to me: Thou art my hope in the day of evil."[2] "And there was a great calm." These are the miracles in which I believe.'

My grandmother passed Holy Week and Easter of this year at Rushmore. On Palm Sunday, April 16, she has written the collect for the day in her book, and throughout the week her quotations are from the Bible, and refer to the events commemorated at that time.

[1] Lam. iii. 7, 15, 17–26.

[2] Jer. xvii. 17.

CHAPTER IV

Lady Granville at Rushmore—Her admiration of its beauty and enjoyment of the spring—'Harvey's Cottage'—Extracts applied to Lady Georgiana Fullerton.

RUSHMORE is a part of old Cranborne Chase, and the house is surrounded by woods, where grow countless wild flowers. My grandmother evidently appreciated the beauty of the place, and seems to have enjoyed the spring there and to have noticed every detail of nature. Thus she quotes these lines from Shelley:

> Its sadness, lest we should not find
> An echo in another's mind;
> The daisy star that never sets,
> The wild flowers and violets,
> Which yet join not scent to hue—

and notes that 'the Rushmore violets are all scentless.'

Afterwards come various quotations about spring, prefaced by this remark:

'The May of the poets is come! At any rate we will believe that it is come.'

We have from Spenser :

> Decked all with dainties of the season's pride,
> And throwing flowers out of her lap around.

From Milton :

> The flowery May, who from her green lap throws
> The yellow cowslip and the pale primrose.
> Woods and groves are of thy dressing,
> Hill and dale doth boast thy blessing ;
> Thus we salute thee with an early song,
> And welcome thee and wish thee long.

From Fletcher :

> See the dewdrops how they kiss
> Every little flower that is ;
> Hanging on their velvet heads,
> Like a robe of crystal beads.

And from Browne :

> Mark the fair blooming of the hawthorn tree.[1]

There is a cottage in the Park at Rushmore where Mr. Harvey, Lord Rivers's agent, used to come now and then for a day or two at a time when he had business in the part of the property near the house ; but at other times it was only occupied by the carpenter and his family, who were its caretakers. Lord Rivers fitted up one of its rooms for Lady Granville, and it took the place of her favourite

[1] One of the great beauties of Rushmore in the spring is the profusion of may trees with their white blossoms.

hut at Bournemouth when she was staying with us. Many of her extracts, therefore, are dated from 'Harvey's Cottage,' the name the cottage always bore.

It is evident that the great bitterness of Lady Granville's grief was being soothed, not only by the affection of her children and those dearest to her, but also by the sweet influences of nature, as well as above all by the holy influences of religion. Peace was gradually stealing into her sore heart, and she was finding rest and quietness of spirit. She had always had a keen perception of character, which found much development when she mixed in society. We see it in these later records of her life also, even in her remarks about her daughters. Here is one instance of this:

'Georgy has more poetry in her than anybody I know. I must quote Miss Mitford, and feel grateful to her for defining exactly what I mean: "Delicate perception; something which is in the nature, enabling one man to detect harmony and know forms of beauty better than another; a peculiar gift of vision, making the world we live in more visible. She sees all the lights and hears all the music about her."'

And again in another part of her book she writes of Lady Georgiana thus:

'I have always seen that Georgy, with a most

passionate admiration of the beauties of nature, likes storm so much better than calm—high wind—a troubled sky—a rough sea.'

And then she quotes:

Let weaker spirits suffer and despair,
Great souls snatch vigour from the stormy air;
Grief not the languor, but the action brings,
And clouds the horizon but to nerve the wings.[1]

[1] E. Bulwer.

CHAPTER V

Overthrow of Louis Philippe—'One page for England'—Dissolution of the National Assembly—Restoration of peace in France—Extracts from Lamartine's writings—Lady Granville's comments upon them—The Queen of the French—Threatened Chartist gathering—Pius IX.

LADY GRANVILLE had never felt much interest in politics, except as they concerned those whom she loved. It was impossible, however, for her to be unmoved by the changes in France in 1848, and the overthrow of Louis Philippe and escape to England of himself and his family. Accordingly, on March 1, 1848, she writes thus: 'Yesterday and to-day I felt as I was reading the "Te Deum" very strong emotion—its submission, homage, adoration—at this moment, when all on earth seems overthrown and convulsed. This evening I opened upon the following passage: "If it were possible for men who neglect the duty of thanksgiving to have a relish of anything of this kind, we would desire them to make the trial, to take the hymn called the 'Te Deum' into their hands, to read it attentively, and then tell us truly whether they did not find their minds filled and their affections

strangely raised by the images which there occurred to them. . . . The majestic plainness and simplicity of thought which goes through it, unadorned by words, unentwined by figures."[1]

'This beautiful hymn of praise is known to be very ancient—some suppose that St. Ambrose, Bishop of Milan, who died A.D. 397, was the author of it.'

On May 8 of the same year we see again that Lady Granville was not unmoved by all the revolutions and changes taking place on the Continent, and was comparing with them the calm and peacefulness of our own land; for this date prefaces 'One page for England' with the following extracts:

'The lot is fallen unto me in a fair ground.'[2]

'That had the waters round about it, whose rampart was the sea, and her wall was from the sea.'[3]

'How many people there are that weep with want, and are mad with oppression—or who are desperate by too quick a sense of infelicity! Let us be glad to be out of the noise and participation of so many evils.'[4]

'None know what mercy 'tis to live under a good and wholesome law, that have not considered the sad condition of being subject to the will of one unlimited man.'[5]

[1] Bishop Atterbury. [2] Ps. xvi. 7. [3] Nahum iii. 8.
[4] Jeremy Taylor. [5] Mrs. Hutchinson

'Few are sufficiently aware how much reason we have to thank God for being Englishmen. The respectability of our callings—the pressure of our ranks on each other—watchfulness in the superior ranks, emulation in the subordinate—the depth and expansion of our trade, the independence and network of property—each supported by all.'[1]

I love thee when I see thee stand,
The hope of every other land,
A sea-mark in the tide of time![2]

A week after, on May 15, she writes thus:

Danger.

Insensé, le mortel qui pense!
Toute pensée est une erreur;
Vivez et mourez en silence,
Car la parole est au Seigneur.
Il sait pourquoi flottent les mondes;
Il sait pourquoi coulent les ondes,
Pourquoi les cieux pendent sur nous,
Pourquoi le jour brille et s'efface,
Pourquoi l'homme soupire et passe,
Et vous, mortels, que savez-vous?[3]

Safeguard.

'I applied mine heart to know and search, and to seek out wisdom and the reason of things.'[4]

'A wise man's heart discerneth both time and judgment.'[5]

[1] Coleridge. [2] Montgomery. [3] Lamartine.
[4] Eccles. vii. 25. [5] Eccles. viii. 5.

'And I gave my heart to consider all things that are done under heaven: this sore travail hath God given to the sons of man to be exercised therewith.'[1]

And again she quotes from Lamartine:

Dans le stérile amour d'une gloire incertaine
L'homme livre, en passant, au courant qui l'entraîne
Un nom de jour en jour dans sa course affaibli;
De ce brillant devis le flot du temps se joue;
De siècle en siècle il flotte, il avance, il échoue
Dans les abîmes de l'oubli.

The quotation is followed by the remark:

'Heard in the evening the news from Paris of the forcible dissolution of the National Assembly!!' And on May 16 she says: 'Heard of the complete restoration of order and peace!!!!' and in the same page of the book are the following extracts:

Quel rêve!!! et ce fut ton destin![2]

and

Thou that presum'st to weigh the world anew
And all things to an equal to restore,
Instead of right, methinks great wrong dost show,
And far above thy force's pitch dost soar.[3]

and

Silence—l'avenir ouvre ses noirs secrets.
Quel chaos de malheurs! de vertus! de forfaits![4]

[1] Eccles. i. 13.
[2] Lamartine.
[3] Spenser.
[4] Lamartine.

Liberté! tu n'as rien à craindre que toi-même.[1]

I will give one more of her extracts from Lamartine's writings, which seem to have had a great fascination for her:

Le réel est étroit, le possible est immense:

. . . . . .

Mais en vain dans son calme, en vain dans ses fureurs
Cherchant le grand secret sans pouvoir le surprendre,
J'ai vu partout un Dieu, sans jamais le comprendre;
J'ai vu le bien, le mal, sans choix et sans dessein
Tomber comme au hasard, échappé de son sein;
J'ai vu partout le mal, où le mieux pouvait être,
Et je t'ai blasphémé ne pouvant te connaître.

. . . . . .

Toi dont l'immensité reconnaît la présence!
Toi dont chaque matin annonce l'existence,
Dispose, ordonne, agis; dans les temps, dans l'espace
Marque-moi pour la gloire, et mon jour et ma place.
Pardonne au désespoir un moment de blasphème;
J'osai—je me repens—gloire au Maître Suprême.
Il fit l'eau pour couler, l'aquilon pour courir!
Les soleils pour brûler, et l'homme pour souffrir.

. . . . . .

J'adore en mes destins ta sagesse suprême,
J'aime ta volonté dans mes supplices même.
Gloire à toi! gloire à toi! Frappe, anéantis-moi!
Tu n'entendras qu'un cri—Gloire à jamais à toi![2]

These extracts from Lamartine's writings are followed by these comments:

[1] Lamartine. [2] *Ibid.*

'It seems to me that one could write the simplest history of this apparently most inexplicable man out of his own poetry. Both appear to me—a mess. He soars, sinks, believes, doubts, despairs, hopes, all in a breath; and when one is nearly as bewildered as him [*sic*], he vents himself and calms his reader with the following result! ! ! : "L'hymne de la raison s'élance de ma lyre." Alas for France!'

During her Paris days Lady Granville had seen much of Louis Philippe and Marie Amélie, and of course she was most deeply interested in the abdication of the former and in all their subsequent history. She writes thus of poor Marie Amélie:

'THE QUEEN OF THE FRENCH

'It must have been a cross almost too heavy to bear without complaining—almost beyond endurance—to see, day by day, tokens of a faint heart and selfish purpose coming out in the words and acts of those on whom she most depended. It added to her exile the worst form of desolation, the loneliness of a high unbroken spirit in the throng of shrinking and inconstant men.

'I altered this from a sentence of Manning's, after hearing of the Queen of the French imploring her husband to get on his horse, accompanied by his sons on theirs, and that she would await the

result on the balcony of the palace, imploring God's blessing upon them.'

It may be interesting to give here some extracts from a letter from Lady Granville to Lady Rivers at this time. She writes: 'Georgy says, "Everything has been placed on a footing of the most rigid economy at Claremont." This is admirable (if he is poor indeed, but some suppose that he wishes to conceal his having any resources till the nation have decided upon the fate of his property in France). Mrs. Austin, Lady Duff Gordon's mother, is just come from Paris. She gives a gloomy account of the state of things there; she says it is simply "a gigantic strike." "Banking houses are failing every hour, they turn off all English servants in Paris, and all the workmen on railways, so that there will be an immense influx of poverty and misery in England." She[1] had been at a pleasant dinner at the Parkes', Lady F. Hope, the Ebringtons, Bishop of Oxford, C. Greville, and Dicky Milnes. "I never before had thought the Bishop so clever; he gave me the notion of having a far superior understanding than one can easily reconcile with some of his sayings and doings. His definitions were so brilliant, his answers so forcible, that one wished to applaud, and yet he was not arguing generally on the side I agreed with. I never heard

[1] Lady Georgiana.

a more striking power of repartee than he seems to possess. He gave a sort of *résumé* of poor Louis Philippe's life that was a masterly and withering piece of eloquence."' . . .

And in a letter to Lady Carlisle, Lady Granville gives still further details. She says :

'I send you the following extracts from Georgy's letter. "We are just come from Claremont. The Queen had to be sent for to London to see Princess Clémentine (Duchess of Saxe-Coburg), who is very unwell. Madame de Montjoye dreadfully altered. The details are heartrending of the sudden misery that overtook the several members of a family that a few days ago were in the full enjoyment of the most perfect domestic happiness and of every comfort and luxury. The Duchesse de Nemours every night on the journey washed her little boys' shirts. The king never undressed till he got to England. They have neither books nor clothes with them, and their pecuniary difficulties will be immense. It seems but too true that they are wretchedly poor, and will have to go through long and harrowing suspense till it is settled in France if any part of their present fortune will be restored to them.

'"For political reasons it is thought desirable that they should not remain at Claremont more than a few days longer. Even the King of the Belgians

does not wish it. They have had two or three offers of country houses, and are looking out for a place to hire. Marie[1] has offered Aldenham.[2] Madame de Montjoye, hurrying out of the château saw about her all the horrid figures of Saint-Lazare dressed up in the Queen's gowns. One poissarde had adorned herself with the Duchesse de Montpensier's coral parure, but, after admiring herself in the glass, pulled it off and shoved it back into a drawer. Madame de Montjoye's health has rallied under all this anguish, and she, who could hardly crawl from the Tuileries to Saint-Roch, goes from Claremont to London in omnibus—by railway—all over the city on business, and returns at night.

'"It is harrowing to see all this sudden misery, and the smiling beautiful children playing in the midst of it all.

'"The King had a long interview with us. He said his flight had been an Odyssey, that he had given in from the fear of a dreadful massacre had he perished. He reviewed the National Guard on horseback on the Thursday morning. They cried out to him, 'Electoral Reform!' He said: 'You have it, I gave it to you, let me pass,' and rode home amidst

[1] Young Lady Granville.

[2] Her place in the country, inherited from her first husband, now belonging to Lord Acton.

hisses and exclamations. "We went away at last in little broughams. Vous savez, mesdames, ce que sont des broughams. Clémentine souffrait, étant dans ce que vous appellez, Ladies, 'the happy way.'"

'The Duchesse d'Orléans showed an astonishing courage. They hid at different places on their way. A farmer concealed them, giving them butter, cheese, and potatoes, and then took them in his little cabriolets—three—the King, De Rumigny, and himself. The farmer, "le meilleur homme du monde, goutteux et gros, j'en sais quelque chose s'il est gros! car il était assis sur mes genoux." The Queen heard under the farm window, "Il y a quel qu'un de caché ici, le Roi ou Guizot." He spoke of France, wished it happy, said that he had for ever done with it. He had reigned eighteen years, Guizot been minister eight. "Vous savez, mesdames, ce que dit le cardinal de Mazarin, ce financier italien, 'Le nocher[1] tourne le dos à l'endroit où il veut arriver,'" so with the French. Madame Jules de l'Aigle says the Duc de Nemours has been very unjustly attacked; he never left the Duchess of Orleans, saw her safely out of Paris, and when *he* went he thought his wife was gone to Eu with the King.'

In another letter to Lady Carlisle, dated

[1] Pilot.

March 29, Lady Granville writes: 'Lord Shrewsbury has just sent me a letter from London. It was the Duc de Montpensier who advised his father to abdicate. English luggage burnt at the station English arms torn from the shops, the excitement against the English very great.

'Jarnac has been closeted for two hours with Lord Palmerston; he could get nothing definite out of him, but his own opinion is that Lord Palmerston will immediately acknowledge the Republic. Another letter I have seen and sent to Georgy as being rather out of the usual beat of news, is from Madame de Lasteyrie, received to-day by Miss Henry, who is here and sent it me. Madame de Lasteyrie is her first cousin, whom you may remember, Olivia de Chabot, Dame d'Honneur to Madame Adélaïde! She says she is as well as can be expected. Her husband (one of the Opposition) and all his cousins, Lafayettes, Rémusats, &c., as kind as possible to her. Her husband is acting with moderation, but of what avail are moderate counsels now? Paris is in a curious state—a strange people! On Wednesday a concert at the Salle Hertz went off remarkably well! Alboni was never known to sing so finely! All the pictures at the Palais Royal burnt except that of Napoleon. Miss H—— told Mr. Martyn,[1] but I have heard it from

[1] Tutor to Lord Rivers's sons.

no one else, that since the moment of the explosion the Queen has never lost sight of Louis Philippe from the conviction that he was bent on self-destruction.'

In a letter to Lady Georgiana of the same date Lady Granville writes:

'I am obliged to put down my thoughts as they come. I suppose Lady S.'s prophet applies Ezekiel, viith chapter, to Paris. How marvellous it is! But what I want to know is what *do* people mean by applying particular parts? Over and over again Paris has been (as *that*)[1]—crime—blood—anarchy; and over and over again—order—prosperity. What is there ever possible to feel but "no one knoweth"? But read that chapter. Buyers—sellers—escape—feeble and weak—gold removed—King that mourns—are *wailing* for them, and beautiful! "It is come, the morning has gone forth." It is pleasant to think of England at this moment, "the little sanctuary where they do come."'[2]

All the revolution and disquietude on the Continent were not without their influence even upon our own favoured land, and there was much anxiety in London before the threatened Chartist gathering on April 10, 1848. Among my grandmother's letters to my mother, I find the following:

[1] Meaning probably as Jerusalem was in Ezekiel's time.
[2] Ezek. xi. 16.

'*From Georgy's letter to-day.*

Sunday.

'I send this to Hammersmith to be put into the post, as you may have had some little anxiety about to-morrow. I am glad to tell you that it is confidently expected that nothing will occur, that the Chartist leaders will countermand the meeting—that Feagus O'Connor is frightened to death.'

And we read in the Extract Book:

'11*th of April* 1848 *in a letter from D.*' [1]

'Half-past-three—a steady rain—auxiliary for Heaven—the more remarkable because the barometer has risen and keeps up.'

In a letter from Lady Granville to Lady G. Fullerton dated June 15, 1848, there are some shrewd remarks about the Chartists. She writes as follows:

'There was a most clever satire against the Chartists to-day—all were enraptured—I frightened. I think if I was a *head* Chartist—bad—clever—irritable (and such men are) I should feel indescribably the scoffs, quizzing, insulting tones used—I should *intend* to have my day. . . . I expect to hear daily of Emperor Thiers—or Consul Buonaparte! and I think people ought to be *wary* everywhere—"taking as much care not to provoke an enemy as he would to sail safely by a dangerous rock."' [2]

[1] The Duke of Devonshire. [2] *Vide* Plutarch.

'It is not accusation—indignation—anything in the world I mind, but that smallest, but most dangerous of tools—quizzing.'

The few who are old enough to do so will recollect with what liberal ideas Pius IX. ascended the Papal throne, and how much was hoped from him before the excesses of the Revolution caused him to draw back from these aspirations. Lady Granville writes of him in 1848:

'*To Pius IX.*'

Hae tibi erunt artes—pacisque imponere morem,
Parcere subjectis et debellare superbos.[1]

And again:

'The following lines apply to what one has been told of Pius IX.'

Oh, what a multitude of thoughts at once
Awakened in me. . . .
When I was yet a child. . . . my mind was set
Serious to learn and know, and thence to do
What might be public good; myself I thought
Born to that end, born to promote all truth,
All righteous things. . . . Yet this not all
To which my spirit aspired; victorious deeds
Flamed in my heart. . . .
Then to subdue and quell o'er all the earth
Brute violence and proud tyrannic power,
Till Truth were freed, and Equity restored:
Yet held it more humane, more heavenly, first
By winning words to conquer willing hearts,
And make persuasion do the work of fear.[2]

[1] Virg. *Æn.* vi. 853. [2] Milton.

In a letter to Lady Georgiana Fullerton, dated April 14, Lady Granville acknowledges the cutting Lady Georgiana had sent her from a French paper containing a letter from the Pope to the people of Italy. She says:

'I have read your 13th.[1] I am obliged more than ever to shackle my thoughts, and think of Hooker: "It behoveth thee to let thy words be wary and few." . . . If we follow up this moment in fear of God and charity towards man, we shall indeed stand on a rock; but I fear so much the inevitable passions, prejudices, and hasty feelings that rise up in proud rowers upon smooth waters. I shall read and re-read your letter at Rushmore. I return the speech—always excellent in his "grand et difficile" task. . . .

'I found a passage I like so much. You will feel how I fire it at myself. If ever I *dare* in politics, or higher or lower subjects, have an opinion: "Cling to thy opinions in silence—voice them not with claims and challenges. Be not too positive or peremptory—stir not questions. Endeavour to be settled and calm." Not *good* advice (even) to many who bear after their pure lives and in their strong minds the power of doing good, but the best harness for me.'

[1] *I.e.* the letter of the 13th.

CHAPTER VI

Tollard Church—'Grass's Cottage'—Extracts descriptive of Lady Granville's daughters and of her son Lord Granville.

IN May and June of this year Lady Granville seems to have been rather harassed by family anxieties, and, as usual, is finding comfort and rest in religion, On May 22 she writes thus:

'I am just returned from my little haven at Tollard Church [1]—where holy and hallowed associations—remembrance of the full-mixed cup there drunk, with each drop of its anguish, its bitterness and its peace, overwhelm me with feelings impossible to be expressed. Mr. Austen [2] preached one of the best sermons I have ever heard on the Cities of Refuge, the prisoners of hope! Calmed and strengthened, I feel "I can go forward now."'

And at Harvey's Cottage, May 27, she writes:

'I came here this morning (to me now very unusual) in a state of most excited feelings on receiving letters from Georgiana and D . . . I

[1] The church near Rushmore attended by Lord Rivers and his family.

[2] Rev. Charles Austen, the Rector.

opened upon the following passage: "Learn to lean on God's wisdom and rest on His faithfulness. Here is a chamber of quietness in the most distracting anxieties. . . . Commit thou all thy works to Him —seek to Him for strength and guidance in all. Be satisfied with His management of thy concerns. The active energy of faith at His feet will keep thee in fortified security in the peace of God," and "lo! there was a great calm."'

The Church at Tollard was at some distance from Rushmore, and my grandmother sometimes preferred not going home between the morning and afternoon services, but taking her luncheon with her to eat in a neighbouring cottage. One of the keepers on the Rushmore estate had a large cottage in a lovely situation, and this was one of Lady Granville's haunts, a room being given up to her when she required it. The keeper's name was Grass, and we find the following quotation dated 'Grass's Cottage, Sunday, May 7:'

'Almighty Father, permit me not to remain a stranger to myself and to Thee! The mind and will must be renewed—self must be denied, all vain desires subdued, patience tried, every passion suppressed! The task is hard, but Thy grace will enable me to perform it.'[1]

We have noticed before Lady Granville's keen

[1] Bogatzky.

perception of character. She liked to find in her favourite books passages which seemed to her to describe those she loved or in whom she was in any way interested.

Thus we come to some descriptions which she applies to her daughter Lady Rivers, headed '*Susan* (shown to me by Georgy).'

'Her good sense, affectionateness, and sweet temper operated like those blessed fountains, well called "Diamonds of the desert," that minister to the life and beauty of everything within their reach.'[1]

> She forward went as lay her journey,
> With steadfast courage and stout hardiment,
> Ne evil thing she feared—ne evil thing
> She meant.[2]

> She feared no danger, for she knew no sin.[3]

On the next page we have:

'*Georgy:* "One of those rare instances of a creature, reared in all the luxuries of life—flattered without becoming vain—indulged without becoming selfish—and walking untainted through the dangerous paths of life."'[4]

And again:

'The favourite daughter of Sir Thomas Browne, Mrs. Lyttelton, received a letter from him with this sentence in it: "Thou didst use to pass away much

[1] Miss Sedgwick. [2] Spenser. [3] Dryden.
[4] *The Home of the Lost Child.*

of thy time alone and by thyself in sober ways and good actions, so that noe place, how solitary soe ever, can be strange to thee, nor indeed solitary, since God, whom thou servest, is everywhere with thee." I felt as if it was written to Georgy.'

A little later on we have another description of Lady Rivers:

'*Susan:* "Never was there one so formed to bless every season, dark or bright—so temperate in prosperity—so firm and kind in sorrow. Her clear and even mind was not changed when sorrow came, not drooping; calmly abiding sun and storm, 'shedding calm summer light over life's changeful day.'" Translated into prose from Evans's poetry.'

Here, again, is a description of her son, Lord Granville, whom she always called by his old name of Leveson:

'What I think of Leveson's understanding: "The issue of all his enquiries was the offspring of his brain without the sweat of his brow. There was no poring, no struggle with memory, no straining for invention. His faculties were quiet and expedite; they answered without knocking; they were ready upon the first summons; there was freedom and firmness in all their operations."'[1]

And again:

'*Leveson:* "Comparing him to a musical instru-

[1] Dr. Soult



Lady Georgiana Fullerton and her Son.
From a watercolour drawing by S. E. Belnos.



Margaret Fellows and her Son.

... I should say that he never needed ... strings are perfectly ready at any moment you ... to touch them."[1]

Some pages further on comes again a quotation ... Lady Georgy:

> Her breast is like the snow on Roman ...
> So pure—so fresh from earthly dye,
> It seems, whilst leaning on the sky,
> Part of the heaven to which it nigh.

She much appreciated Lady Georgy ... with reference to these she writes ...

What H. Taylor says of poets ... about Georgy's writings: "The poet and the ... one and indivisible—as the life and ... the poetry—the fruit of the whole ... moral, intellectual, and personal being ... fair use of the gifts or high ... aspiration, wholesomeness of purity, and ... simplicity, with a heart subdued to God ... unspotted life. Out of the heart are ... of life, and out of the life are the issues ... story.

CHAPTER VII

Lady Granville's work for the poor—St. Anne's Hill—Mrs Birch's letters.

I HAVE before mentioned that one of my grandmother's great occupations was making small fancy articles to be sold for the benefit of the poor. She would sometimes send them to bazaars; but what she loved most was setting up some poor old woman with a basket of various small trifles for sale. Many an old orange woman would she befriend in this way (one especially I recollect who used to sit at one of the gates leading from the Bayswater Road into the Park), or help some small struggling shopkeeper after a like manner. At one time she made a great many bookmarkers for sale with some line of poetry printed upon each in illuminated letters, and sometimes illustrated by a small water-colour vignette. Finding suitable mottoes in this way was a great interest to her. And in one page of her book I find several 'Mottoes for Bible markers from the "Christian Year."' After which she adds:

'I feel about Keble's "Christian Year" what the Ayrshire artisan said to William Howitt when he

asked him what made Burns such a favourite of all his countrymen : " I can tell why it is. There's nothing, at least in a poor man's experience, either bitter or sweet, which can happen to him, but a line of Burns springs into his mouth, and gives him courage and comfort if he needs it. It is like a second Bible."'

Lady Granville seems to have spent the month of August of this year at St. Anne's Hill, Chertsey, which Mr. Fullerton had rented for a time. Apparently the place did not please her, for the first extract marked as written there is as follows :

'The following I write (to please Freddy, who thinks me unjust to St. Anne's Hill) from Spenser's " Fairy Queen :" " I was come to this most pleasant and delightful place, where all that Nature did omit, Art (playing second Nature's part) supplied it."'

No tree that is of count in greenwood grows,
From lowest juniper to cedar tall ;
No flower in field that dainty odour throws,
And decks his branch with blossoms over all,
But there was planted or grew natural ;
Nor sense of man so coy and curious nice,
But there mote find to please itself withal ;
Nor heart could wish for any quaint device,
But there it present was, and did frail sense entice ;
Fresh shadows, fit to shroud from sunny ray,
Fair lawns to take the sun in season due.

. . . . .

High reared mounts, the lands about to view,
  Low-looking dales disloigned from common gaze;
Delightful bowers . . .
  False labyrinths, fond runners, eyes to daze,
  All which by Nature made did Nature's self amaze.
And all without were walks and alleys dight
  With divers trees, enranged in even ranks;
And here and there were pleasant arbours pight,
  And shady seats and sundry flowering banks,
  To sit and rest the walkers' weary shanks.

At St. Anne's Hill, as elsewhere, Lady Granville had private haunts where she would retire for reading and meditation. Some of her extracts are dated from 'Grotto at St. Anne's Hill,' others from Mrs. Grey's parlour at Chertsey (the neighbouring town). On August 8, 1848, she writes: 'I found in Miss Ferrard's [1] room some printed letters written by Mrs. Birch in her ninety-ninth and hundredth year, which seemed to me most extraordinary. She talks much of her intimate friends, Lady Maryborough and the Marquise d'Harcourt. She lived somewhere between Winchfield and Fern Hill. I had only time to make a few extracts.'

Here follow the extracts, and we see how applicable Lady Granville must have thought them to her own circumstances:

'I go on very well, and I do not feel otherwise than cheerful, and I ought to be with such beloved

[1] I do not know who Miss Ferrard was.

and delightful children and grandchildren about in the world, and such a dear sister. . . . Unless you give dinners and cram your table at top and all round, you cannot get what is called society, and which, by me, would act as satiety; but, thank God, I seldom feel dull, and if I did, such hubbub would only make me crazy. . . . I seem to eat and sleep very well, all things considered, and scrabble about with my stick in my hand. . . . Colonel Bouchier is soon bringing up his eldest son to Eton and another to some other school, and so the world goes round. I think a school for fathers and mothers might be useful sometimes. . . . I am not of consequence enough to have secrets, if there are any to know, and I am not sorry for it; for, at the period to which it has pleased God to permit me to live, I perhaps should forget and "peach," as the common people say. . . . I think writing and hearing from my friends very agreeable, but I hope you never hurry to write regularly, whether convenient or not; mind what I say, and do not observe a punctuality that feels like an obligation. . . . It would not be right, with such great blessings as I have, to lose the effect of them by giving way to feelings that must prevent every effort . . . . I keep to the forests, heaths, and lanes, though sometimes . . . now and then, I practise a drive to Windsor.

CHAPTER VIII

Visit to Aldenham—Thoughts on the Roman Catholic religion, and extracts from Newman's writings with comments upon them—Differences of opinion between Lady Granville and Lady G. Fullerton—Churches of Morville and Aston Eyres.

BETWEEN two and three years had now passed since Lord Granville's death, during which time my grandmother had either been in her own house or staying with one of her daughters; but, little by little, she seems to have been bracing herself to further efforts. Thus in August 1848 she resolved to go to Aldenham, a place which her daughter-in-law, Lady Granville, had inherited from her first husband, Sir Richard Acton. That this was a great effort to her is shown, I think, by some extracts from the Book of Daniel bearing very much upon affliction, and headed 'Read in the Grotto of St. Anne's Hill, August 22, the day after deciding to go to Aldenham.'[1]

I gather that Lady Granville's visit to Aldenham was paid on her way to Castle Howard and other places where she had not been since her husband's

[1] Dan. ii. 23 and iii. 17.

death, for on August 31 she writes: 'Setting out for the north, God help me!' and this entry is followed by one of her favourite prose translations of poetry, evidently expressing her own feelings:

'I go to a land where a strange dim light will appear cast over the memory of the past, and shadows and dreams of former days will seem real to my aching sight. I can scarcely think how I shall get there—or if thence I shall pass again; its mornings and nights will be marked by the flight or the coming of pain and woe! Then I turn to Him, the "Crucified," in humble faith and prayer . . . as He bids me stay in patience, leads me amidst the dim shadows, and teaches the one thing needful—earnest trust in Him.

'I hear little news of all that passes below—the once loud voices of human life seem to fall dully on my deafened ear!

'But I bless these silent hours—teaching me to meditate on high and glorious things; mighty lessons have been graven on my soul. I have trodden a path I did not know—safe in my Saviour's hand. I can trust Him now!'[1]

My grandmother's daughter-in-law, her eldest son's first wife, was a Roman Catholic by birth, and her own daughter, Lady G. Fullerton, had become one. It is not, therefore, unnatural that Lady

[1] Translated from the *Poems . . . of the Border Land.*

Granville's thoughts should have been often turned to the differences between the Roman Catholic and Protestant religions. She was very wide in her sympathies, and able to enter more than many others might have done into the best points of each religion. Many of her extracts show this very plainly. Here are some interesting ones: 'Our ways divide, they are different still, yet still the same. . . . She was still kneeling in the little hut, in the deep peace and serenity of mind, which she had not thought possible on earth. It was more like the stillness which almost sensibly affects the ears, when a bell which had been long tolling stops, or when a vessel, after much tossing at sea, finds itself in harbour.' [1]

'There was submission in her heart—she seemed to feel a rock under her feet—Refugium, Domine—she went on kneeling, throwing the whole burden of her grief and anguish at the feet of the sole Intercessor between God and man.' [2]

'I was much struck with the following passages in the volume from which I took the first part above:' "Loss and Gain:"

'"I could attend Mass for ever and not be tired. . . . Words are necessary as means, not ends. . . . They hurry on as if impatient to fulfil their mission! . . . Quickly they go, for they are

[1] Newman. [2] *Id.*

awful words of sacrifice!" "Not *painfully* and *hopelessly*, following a hard form of prayer from beginning to end!"

'It seems extraordinary to me that Newman—who when he wrote his early works must have been a religious man—can possibly so misrepresent the service of our Church, confounding effects, causes, and results. My own feelings are my only *powers* in writing on this question. The Protestant may yawn over his Church service, and the Roman Catholic may gabble over his Mass, but the moment that either becomes a convert to religion, to each the daily recurring, deeply reverent, prostrate humiliation, yet triumphant exultation of the respective outpourings of their different creeds gives a feeling in the performance that throws to an immeasurable distance the questions of the *how*, *when*, and *where*, and this is to me the only explanation of the marvellous fact how entirely those who differ can agree, and what sympathy can exist between them. Only once meet Pilate's question, "What is truth?" with the deep feeling and the strong conviction that the answer is "religion," a life devoted to God, and the way is open and clear.'

Lady Granville continues thus her comments on Newman's book, 'Loss and Gain:'

'I wonder if I am right. I believe Newman to have been in a *painful*, *hopeless* state of religious

feeling as a Protestant. He found in the Roman Catholic faith the peace of God. From the same troubled and uncertain state of mind I have found it in strict Protestant observance, and, for the first time! acquaintance with the doctrine I professed—is either of us justified in ascribing to one creed or the other the gift promised to all? Are hurried masses or tedious forms of prayer to be brought in as auxiliaries on either side?'

Then she quotes from the 'Christian Remembrancer:'

'The Lutheran and the Catholic systems have ever been, under one form or other, fighting for the possession of man's goodness. His goodness is recipient of either form, and may be refracted into either atmosphere.'

Next, with these words—

'In this life (mistaken and reprehensible as in many ways I think it) of a nun, how much there is to admire and strive to imitate'—

she prefaces the following extract from an old book which she finds at Aldenham:

'Her life was one continued prayer, showing a calmness, an evident argument of that inward peace which her soul possessed. Her silence was neither morose nor offensive, nor such as could be taxed with singularity—nothing of obstinacy was seen in her—never did she accuse or excuse herself—never

complained of anything. She observed the religious ceremonies enjoined with promptness and alacrity, she had a most ardent charity for her neighbour, suffered with willingness and content. It seemed to her that there was not to be found upon earth anything worse than herself. None that was not very expert and did not narrowly observe her could perceive how she undervalued all things, so great was the calmness with which she encountered vicissitude; she meddled not in matters that concerned her not, and therefore discerned no one's defects but her own. She had great displeasure that any good should be spoken of her. Her heart she kept fixed on God—never asking for anything—but content with what He gave her.'

In another part of her book my grandmother writes:

'This is what I wish Georgy and myself to feel towards each other:

'"Give me thy hand. I do not mean, Be of my opinion; you need not, I do not expect or desire it—neither do I mean, I will be of your opinion—I cannot—it does not depend on my choice; I can no more think than I can see or hear as I will. Keep your own opinion and I mine, as steadily as ever. You need not even endeavour to come over to me, or bring me over to you. I do not desire you to dispute points, or to hear or speak one

word concerning them. Let all opinions alone on one side or the other. Only 'Give me thine hand.' I do not mean, embrace my modes of worship, or, I will embrace yours. This also is a thing which does not depend upon your choice or mine. Hold you fast that which you think the most acceptable to God, and I will do the same. We must both act as each is fully persuaded in his own mind. . . . I have no desire to dispute with you one moment, let all small points stand aside, let them never come into sight. If 'thine heart is as my heart,' if thou love God and all mankind, I ask no more—Give me thine hand . . . love me with the love that is long-suffering and kind, that is patient . . . If I am deceived and out of the way, bearing and not increasing my burden, tender, soft and compassionate still, envying not, if at any time it please God to prosper me in this work even more than thee. Love me with the love that is not provoked either at my follies or infirmities, or even at my acting (if it should sometimes so appear to thee) not according to the will of God. Love me so as to think no evil of me, love me with the love that covereth all things, that never reveals either my faults or infirmities, that believeth all things, is always willing to think the best, to put the fairest construction on all my words and actions, that hopeth all things, either that the thing related was

never done, or at least that it was done with a good intention, or in sudden stress of temptation. And hope to the end, that whatever is amiss will by the grace of God be corrected, and whatever is wanted supplied . . . that our hearts may be more right towards God and man, that we may have a fuller conviction of things not seen and a stronger view of the love of God in Christ Jesus, more steadily walking by faith, not by sight, and more earnestly grasping eternal life . . . more fervent and active in doing the will of our Father which is in heaven, more zealous of good works, and more and more careful to abstain from all appearance of evil . . . may we be quickened in the work which God has given us to do, and instructed how to do it more perfectly . . . and so, as far as in conscience we can (retaining still our own opinions), join in the work of God, and go hand in hand."'[1]

Though written on a previous occasion, this seems an appropriate time for quoting some beautiful passages from a letter of my grandmother to Lady Georgiana about the difference of faith. She writes thus:

'Do you remember a verse of yours I put in my book?

> E'en now Thy glory passeth by,
> Unseen, but not unknown.

[1] John Wesley on *Catholic Spirit*.

I am not sure of the exact words. Well, it is that I did not realise so much that as anything beyond imagination. I suppose living (on these subjects) alone, and attaching myself for the first time to much of the practical duties of religion, has, in one sense, narrowed my mind. I am not sure that I am not getting very prejudiced; you must come and set me right, my dearest child, and let me see before me the most liberal and enlarged feeling about others with the firmest hold of your own. I am only sure of one thing, that when difference of opinion is merely difference of opinion, where

God is all in all,

no tie can be lessened, no bond severed. I could go on for an hour, but I must just add that you must not stay away too long, lest you should find me a Methodist or an idiot!'

Lady Granville apparently spent at least two Sundays at Aldenham, and attended the churches of Morville and Aston Eyres, for under the date of September 10 I find a little pen-and-ink drawing of a grave and cross, followed by the words, 'Come,' 'Mr. Bellet's sermon at Morvil' (*sic*), and a little further on there is a tiny drawing of a church window with a cross in the top light, with the heading, 'Aston Eyre (*sic*) church,' and these words: 'If torn with agony, I pray for help to Thee! Give patience—rest.'

CHAPTER IX

Visit to Scarborough—'Heart's Alarms'—Verses by Lord Morpeth—Other Verses—Storm at Scarborough.

FROM Aldenham Lady Granville went to Scarborough for a time, accompanied by Lady G. Fullerton. On September 17 she writes in her book as follows:

'"Heart's alarms," my sister told me that she used so to call her sudden flashes of a sort of undefined terror, mingling feeling and nerves strangely together. It is exactly what I feel at moments. Mental prayer is the only remedy for this anguish. I find that persisting in it under the simplest form till the nervous part of the trial is past deadens memory, stills emotion, and leaves me as if actually *leaning* on "Thy will be done." This week is the severest trial I have had. I feel that met in this way—the two daily services of this sacred day, perfect quiet, and unceasing occupation to-morrow—will give me physical strength to endure under it, and that God to whom I strive (ignorantly, imperfectly, blindly but entirely) to devote myself will hear me

"such time as the storm falls upon me" and give me "strength for the day."—H. GRANVILLE.'

My grandmother seems to have suffered much during this time at Scarborough, for on September 21 she writes again thus:

'I have suffered severely the last three or four days from every sort of nervous estimation of all passing events. Terror, agitation, languor and depression. To-day I feel well and perfectly calm, and only deeply aware of one great infirmity of my nature; my gratitude for relief from such misery, and my sense of its blessing, bears no proportion to the almost agony I endure whilst under its dominion. I liked the sentence which I found in one of John Wesley's sermons.

'"With respect to what are termed nervous disorders, faith does not overturn the course of nature —natural causes still produce natural effects. Faith no more hinders the sinking of the spirits (as it is called) in an hysterical illness, than the rising of the pulse in a fever . . . if we begin to fight with our own weapons, if we begin to reason, more and more heaviness will undoubtedly ensue, if not utter darkness. The course is plain, we must cease to weigh our gratitude, class our feelings, describe our piety, but pay the great debt out in deeper devotion, more entire trust, and unwearied performance of duty."—H. GRANVILLE.'

All through her life Lady Granville seems to have suffered from nervous excitement, and this was still more the case with her sister, Lady Carlisle. In one part of her book Lady Granville gives the following beautiful lines by Lord Morpeth (afterwards Lord Carlisle) with reference to this :

When sickly thoughts and jarring nerves invade
My morning sunshine and my evening shade,
When the dark mood careers without control,
And fear and faintness gather on my soul—
O Lord! Whose word is power! Whose gift is peace!
Bid my spent bosom's tides and tempests cease;
Bid Thy blest Jesus walk a stormier sea
Than ever chafed the azure Galilee.
Or, if too soon my spirit craves for ease,
Hallow the suffering, that Thy love decrees,
Work my soul's faith from out my body's fears,
And let me count my triumphs in my tears.

'Written by Morpeth for my sister in 1834. God bless him for it in both our names.'

In a letter to the Duchess of Beaufort, written in 1853, Lady Granville says of these lines: 'Do you know the following verses? I repeat them almost every day of my life, and no one can tell how soothing and strengthening they are to me.'

And in a letter to Lady G. Fullerton, which is undated, she has copied the lines with the heading, 'Repeated whenever I am nervous,' and after them the following lines, headed :

'REPEATED EVERY NIGHT BEFORE I GO TO SLEEP'

In the lone silence of the voiceless night,
When from my wearied lids the slumbers flee,
What doth my spirit in that darkness seek,
My God! but Thee!

And if there is a weight upon my breast,
Some faint remembrance of the day gone by,
Scarce knowing what it is, I fly to Thee,
And lay it down.

Or if it is the heaviness that comes,
In token of anticipated ill,
My bosom takes no heart of what it is,
For 'tis Thy will.

And oh! in spite of past or present care,
Or anything beside, how peacefully
Passes that silent, solitary hour,
My God! with Thee.

More peaceful than the silence of the night,
More tranquil than the stillness of that hour,
More blest than anything, my bosom lies,
Beneath Thy power.

For what is there on earth that I desire,
Of all that it can give or take away,
Like what in darkness doth my spirit seek,
My God! with Thee?

We have seen before how much my grandmother was affected by nature in its calmer moods;

on the other hand, she was not insensible to the sublimity of its sterner aspects. Thus she seems to have been much impressed by an equinoctial gale which took place at Scarborough on September 24, for she writes about it thus:

'It was a fearful sight, magnificent in its wild beauty. The mountainous waves seemed no longer to have "dominion over them." A sloop was making for the harbour. . . . Georgy and I saw it dashed to pieces—one dead body was washed upon the shore—five men, a woman and child lost . . . hundreds were hurrying along the beach. There seemed to be no hope or energy in their movements. They are perhaps used to such sights, and the certain peril of attempting to rescue . . . so at least we were told . . . this deep tragedy in the space of half an hour! . . . the comparative calm!—The Almighty Hand, seeming visibly stretched out!—wielding before the blind understanding and sickening heart its unfathomable power!'

After this description she quotes various passages both from the Bible and from poets describing the terror and grandeur of storms at sea.

'For at His word the stormy wind ariseth: which lifteth up the waves thereof. They are carried up to the heaven, and down again to the deep: their soul melteth away because of the

trouble. They reel to and fro, and stagger like a drunken man : and are at their wit's end.' [1]

'And the second angel poured his vial upon the sea, and every living soul died in the sea.' [2]

'And there shall be upon the earth distress of nations, with perplexity ; the sea and the waves roaring ; men's hearts failing them for fear.' [3]

'He gathereth the waters of the sea together, as it were upon an heap ; and layeth up the deep, as in a treasure-house.' [4]

'There is sorrow on the sea, it cannot be quiet.' [5]

Roll on, thou deep and dark blue Ocean—roll!
. . . . . .
Where, for a moment, like a drop of rain
Man sinks into thy depths. . . .
Without a grave, unknelled, uncoffined, and unknown.
Upon the watery plain
The wrecks are all thy deed.[6]

The earth hath nought of this.
Thou only, terrible ocean, hast a power—
A will—a voice—Eternity—Eternity and Power.[7]

Beautiful, sublime and glorious—
Wild—majestic—foaming free.[8]

When billows lift their voice on high,
And storms are thundering their reply.[9]

[1] Ps. cvii. 25-27. [2] Rev. xvi. 3.
[3] St. Luke xxi. 25, 26. [4] Ps. xxxiii. 7. [5] Jer. xlix. 23.
[6] Lord Byron. [7] Barry Cornwall. [8] B. Barton.
[9] Mary Anne Browne (American).

O I have suffered
With those that I saw suffer! a brave vessel,
Who had no doubt some noble creatures in her,
Dashed all to pieces. O! the cry did knock
Against my very heart.[1]

'Thy rowers have brought thee into great waters: the east wind hath broken thee in the midst of the seas.

. . . . . .

'The suburbs shall shake at the sound of the cry of thy pilots.

'And all that handle the oar, the mariners and all the pilots of the sea, shall come down from their ships, they shall stand upon the land;

. . . . . .

'Thou shalt be broken by the seas in the depths of the waters, thy merchandise and all thy company in the midst of thee shall fall.'[2]

'But not long after there arose against it a tempestuous wind . . .

'And when the ship . . . could not bear up into the wind, we let her drive.

. . . . . .

'And we being exceedingly tossed with a tempest,

. . . . . .

'All hope that we should be saved was then taken away.'[3]

[1] *The Tempest.* [2] Ezek. xxvii. 26, 28, 29, 34
[3] Acts xxvii. 14, 15, 18, 20.

The south and west winds joined, and as they blew
Waves like a rolling trench before them threw.
Sooner than you read this line did the gale
Like shot, not feared till felt, our souls assail,
And what at first was called a gust, the same
Hath now a storm's and now a tempest's name.[1]

There is sorrow on the sea, when the raging storm beats high,
And the river vessel sinks, and no friendly bark is nigh.

. . . . . .

From shore, from ship, no rescue—the crew's last hopes expire.[2]

Morning came with a tale too true, as sad as tale could be,
A homeward-bound went down with her crew—
'Twas a wild night at sea.'[3]

'Thou coveredest the earth with the deep like as with a garment. . . .

'The waters go up as high as the hills, and down to the valleys beneath; even unto the place which Thou hast appointed for them.

'Thou hast set them their bounds which they shall not pass.'[4]

'And God said, Let the waters under the heaven be gathered together unto one place, and let the dry land appear, and it was so.'[5]

[1] Mrs. Van Hazen. [2] E. Cook.
[3] Donne. [4] Ps. civ. 6, 8, 9. [5] Gen. i. 9.



VISCOUNT MORPETH (AFTERWARDS SEVENTH EARL OF CARLISLE)

(From a Sketch in Oil by J. Hayter)

CHAPTER X

Visit to Castle Howard—Description of Wordsworth applied to Lord Morpeth.

PROBABLY immediately after the gale described in the last chapter, Lady Granville went to Castle Howard, for we come to some passages of Scripture dated 'Castle Howard, September 26.' She remained there for at least a week after Lord Carlisle's death, which took place on October 7, 1848.

Lord Morpeth succeeded to his father's title, and Lady Granville seems to have been much struck at this time with his unselfishness and amiable disposition. She writes thus of him :

'To Morpeth may be justly applied Wordsworth's beautiful description of the man of Christian sympathy :

> By nature turned,
> And constant disposition of his thoughts
> To sympathise with man, he was alive
> To all that was enjoyed where'er he went,
> And all that was endured.'

And again, under the heading 'Morpeth' she writes:

'It always appears to me that "he thinks and feels that the concerns of others are no less important to him than his own. He shares their pleasures and their sorrows, and suffers and mourns with them when they suffer and mourn, in the selfsame measure as he tastes the blessedness of the promise that we shall inherit the earth. It is not the narrow sphere of his own garden, of his own field, that he enjoys. His own prosperity does not bound his happiness. That happiness is infinitely multiplied as he takes interest in all that befalls his neighbours, and finds an everflowing source of fresh joy in every soul around him."' [1]

[1] Julius Hare.

CHAPTER XI

The Cholera—Night at the Midland Hotel—Return to Bournemouth —Christmas at Rushmore.

In the interesting volumes of Lady Granville's letters edited by the Hon. F. Leveson Gower we find various allusions to the outbreak of cholera in Paris in 1831–32, which alarmed her much. I recollect also hearing from my mother how severely my grandmother had suffered at that time from nervous agitation and fear. Now, in the autumn of 1848, England was again visited by this disease. But the only allusion we find to it in these books is that she had at that time copied out this suffrage from the Litany :

'From plague and pestilence,
Good Lord, deliver us.'

These words are dated 'From the Midland Hotel, October 15,' and I conclude that she slept there on her way from Castle Howard to the south. She also writes under the same date :

'Grant us to serve Him without fear, in holiness

and righteousness before Him, all the days of our life.'

. . . . . .

'The tender mercy of our' God has given 'light to them that sit in darkness, and in the shadow of death, to guide our feet into the way of peace.'[1]

On November 21 of this year Lady Granville was at Bournemouth again, and under this date we have the following quotation from the Book of Baruch in the Apocrypha:

'Go your way, O my children, go your way: for I am left desolate.

'I have put off the clothing of peace, and put upon me the sackcloth of my prayer: I will cry unto the Everlasting in my days.

'Be of good cheer, O my children, cry unto the Lord, and He shall deliver you.

. . . . . .

'For my hope is in the Everlasting, that He will save you, and joy is come unto me from the Holy One, because of the mercy which shall soon come unto you from the Everlasting, our Saviour.

. . . . . .

'My children, suffer patiently the wrath that is come upon you from God. . . .

'My delicate ones have gone rough ways.

. . . . . .

'Be of good comfort, O my children, and cry

[1] From the prophecy of Zacharias, Luke i.

unto God: for ye shall be remembered of Him that brought these things upon you. . . .

'Seek Him ten times more. . . .

'He shall bring you everlasting joy again with your salvation.

'Take a good heart . . . for He . . . will comfort thee.'[1]

From Bournemouth Lady Granville went to Rushmore, where she spent Christmas. There are some interesting quotations and reflections at this time. For instance:

'There is scarcely any very beautiful passage in prose or verse, written by the best authors, of which, in "searching the Scriptures," I do not find the essence. I had always been particularly struck with the beauty of two lines of Schiller:

> Das Herz ist gestorben, die Welt ist leer,
> Und weiter gibt sie die Wünsche nicht mehr.[2]

I found yesterday in Job xvii. 11:

'My days are past, my purposes are broken off: even the thoughts of my heart.'

And a little further on she quotes from Dryden:

> Every breath I fetch,
> Shuts up my life within a shorter compass;

[1] Baruch iv. 19–22, 25–30.

[2] The heart is dead, the world is empty,
And no longer is there any power to wish.

and adds:

'I had been much struck with a sentence I read in one of the Rev. J. Newton's letters: "Let us cheer up, Madam; the time is short and shortening apace, every pulse we feel beats a sharp moment of the pain away."'

Lady Granville seems to have fully entered into all the blessed associations of Christmas time. She quotes the following lines from the 'Lyra Innocentium:'

Rejoice in God alway,
With each green leaf rejoice;
Of berries on each spray,
The brightest be your choice.
From bower and mountain lone,
The autumnal tints are gone,
Yet gay shall be our Christmas wreath,
The glistening beads above, the burnished leaves beneath.

And from Tennyson's 'In Memoriam:'

Again at Christmas did we weave
The holly round the Christmas hearth;
The silent snow possessed the earth,
And calmly fell our Christmas Eve.
The Yule log sparkled keen with frost,
No wing of wind the region swept;
But over all things brooding slept
The quiet sense of something lost.

. . . . . .

Who showed a token of distress?
No single tear—no mark of pain:
O Sorrow, then, can Sorrow wane?

Christmas Eve fell this year on a Sunday, and we all—parents, children, and servants—assembled before going to bed, according to a frequent custom in our house, to sing hymns to the accompaniment of the pianoforte. I find in my grandmother's book the words and the music of the Christmas carol we sang, evidently copied for her, as they are not in her own handwriting. But she has herself written by the side: 'Sung in the hall at Rushmore on Christmas Eve, December 24, 1848.'

The words of the carol are as follows:

See seraphic throngs descending
  Swift towards this nether earth,
Hymns sublime their way attending,
  Hark! they sing the Saviour's birth.
Around the globe let every creature
  Now commemorate the morn
When the Lord, in human nature,
  Was an helpless infant born.

'Twas for us He left the grandeur
  Of the Heaven of heavens above;
Well might angels, lost in wonder,
  Celebrate His boundless love.
Hark! the eternal worlds resounding,
  Loud with sweet seraphic strains;
Millions now the throne surrounding,
  Praise Him in th'eternal plains.

Jesus now our hearts inspiring,
  Tune our souls to melody;
With Thy love our bosoms firing,
  May we dwell in Heaven with Thee.
In the bright celestial regions,
  When life's changing scenes are o'er,
May we then, with angels' legions,
  Praise Him on the heavenly shore.

CHAPTER XII

Letter from Lady Carlisle—Paper by Lady Spencer—Letter from Lady G. Fullerton—The 'Pilgrim's Progress'—Description applied to Lady Ebrington.

On January 1, 1849, Lady Granville gives an extract from a beautiful letter received from her sister, Lady Carlisle:

'I must express to you at this season, my most beloved sister, my earnest wish for the continuance of that mind in you that submits unmurmuring to every dispensation of Providence, and accepts every alleviation and blessing mercifully bestowed in our cup with those mingled feelings, but with nerves somewhat unstrung. I feel the same at the beginning of this new year. May God in His infinite mercy make it profitable and blessed to us all.'

On January 2 Lady Granville writes:

'I felt very much affected in a thousand different, unutterable ways on receiving a letter this morning from Jack Ward, an old and faithful servant of my grandmother's.[1]

'"I know you loved my respected lady so much

[1] The Countess Spencer.

that I think you would value the enclosed paper which I have hoarded up. My lady always, when at Holywell, liked to hear the Midnight Peal, then wished all her servants a happy New Year. I am the only one left, in my eighty-third year. . . . Holywell, where my respected home was for so many years, a road passes—one lodge is left, and the beautiful garden is a grass field; a tree is planted to show where the Holy Well is, and one weeping willow by the water."'

Then follows Lady Spencer's paper, endorsed by Lady Granville as 'copied from my grandmother's manuscripts.' It is as follows:

'12 o'clock, December 31, 1779.

'Our villagers are at this moment with the most careless indifference employed in what they call ringing out the old year and ringing in the new one. It is a custom I do not dislike; the ringing of bells is an expression of joy, and whatever our situation in life may be, whatever afflictions or disappointments may have befallen us, we can certainly call to mind innumerable blessings, bestowed upon us by the bountiful indulgence of our Maker in the course of the past year, for which we ought to be thankful. Gratitude to God and humanity to our fellow-creatures are the two principal precepts enjoined us by Christianity, and how far do they surpass any two maxims of the schools in being

calculated to make us happy and to keep us so! The greatest enemies to religion cannot do it more essential injury than those mistaken people who fancy themselves pious and yet err in the fundamental points I have mentioned. The narrowness of their own souls makes them contract the boundless plan of mercy and compassion to the measure of their comprehension, and the discontentedness of their disposition makes them represent a religion of joy and peace as harsh and severe—whereas to be loved and revered it only wants to be known—for what can be more awful than its judgments indeed, but more comfortable than its precepts, or more encouraging than its hopes? Its sole object is to begin that happiness in this world which it will complete in the next. It is true that religion condemns our follies and greatly heightens every virtuous enjoyment. Let us then make the study and the practice of it our constant and uniform object. Let us place our whole confidence in the merits of our blessed Saviour. Let us cast our cares upon Him, and He will give us rest. Let us, as the Psalms of the day will direct us, "praise the Lord, for it is a good thing to sing praises unto our God, yea a joyful and a pleasant thing it is to be thankful." Let us therefore join with our poorer neighbours in every expression of gratitude, remembering how much more we have to answer for in propor-

tion to the greater share of worldly advantages that are bestowed upon us, which are entrusted to us for the general benefit of all, and let us heartily endeavour and seriously pray that the ensuing year, if we are suffered to remain here so long, may be employed in fitting us for that happy eternity which the Gospel has placed within our view, and the unspeakable mercy of our Redeemer has enabled us to obtain.—GEORGIANA (POYNTZ) COUNTESS SPENCER.'

Lady Spencer died in 1814. Her portrait, with her daughter the Duchess of Devonshire, as a child by Sir Joshua Reynolds is well known, and the Duke of Devonshire has also a portrait of her as quite an old lady. I believe she was a very excellent person; but the rather stilted style of this extract from her journal will perhaps help us to understand why, according to the Introduction to the published volumes of Lady Granville's letters, though my grandmother 'esteemed and was most grateful to her, there was not much sympathy between them.' This, however, alludes to the time when Lady Granville was quite a young girl.

On January 6 we have 'Extract of a letter from Georgy from Aldenham.'

'I send you this phrase; it is from Mrs. Wilson's (the Listener's) "Memoirs," which I cannot bear, but I pounced on this: "She had no more stagnant

waters, long as her voyage was through troubled ones." This looking out passages is like seeking agates on a sea-coast, only one pounces with more certainty on what one wants.'

This simile of Lady Georgiana Fullerton's seems to have pleased her mother, for she uses it herself in some criticisms on the 'Pilgrim's Progress,' which are perhaps worth quoting:

'Over and over again have I attempted to rectify in myself what must be an error of judgment. On reading Macaulay's review of the "Pilgrim's Progress," and seeing the impression in different ways conveyed in the writings of the educated and the enlightened, in the opinions and on the feelings of multitudes who are neither, but whose judgment for that same reason is perhaps the surest test of power and beauty, again I sat down, and wearied, flatly and unprofitably toiled up the hill with Christian. I have read more than half, and have only found (acknowledging cleverness in the form of the trial and some of By End's talk) the following passage to admire, the "agate to pounce upon."' Here follows the account of the conversation between Christian and Formalism and Hypocrisy, which, however, is too well known to be reproduced here.

Again, in an undated letter to Lady G. Fullerton, Lady Granville writes: 'You need not be afraid for me; my whole work now is to prepare for

whatever will be expected of me,' and adds: 'I have found some agates in a voluminous volume—only this, and then another; if *you* do not, you will feel how *I* must like them:

'"Do not inveigh against yourself, but learn to forget yourself.

'"Resignation has its victories as well as intrepidity; converts may be made through meekness in trial as well as through boldness in enterprise. Learn to look upon your enemies as auxiliaries, upon your dangers as guardians, upon your difficulties as your helps."'

Here is one of the descriptions of character such as Lady Granville liked to apply to special persons:

'"Concerning this virtuous gentlewoman only this little I speak, and that of knowledge. She lived a dove and died a lamb. And if, amongst so many virtues, hearty devotion towards God, towards poverty tender compassion, motherly affection towards servants, towards friends every serviceable kindness, mild behaviour and harmless meaning towards all . . . if, where so many virtues were eminent, any be worthy of special mention, I wish her dearest friends of that sex to be her nearest followers in two things—silence, saving only where duty did exact speech, and patience, even then when extremity of pains did enforce grief."'

Lady Granville's comment on the above is: 'This beautiful passage in a funeral sermon of Hooker's seems to me as if it had been written of Lady Ebrington (Susan Ryder).'[1]

[1] Lady Susan Ryder, daughter of the first Earl of Harrowby, married in 1817 Lord Ebrington, afterwards the second Earl Fortescue, and died in 1827.

CHAPTER XIII

Chiswick—Comments on Deut. xxviii.—Mrs. Lamb—Extracts from the 'Christian Year'—Extracts from the Bible—Books in sitting-room at Chiswick—Correspondence with Lady G. Fullerton.

IN March and April 1849 Lady Granville was at Chiswick, the charming villa near London belonging to her brother the Duke of Devonshire, where she had her own rooms always ready for her. On March 3 she writes:

'Morpeth was pleased with this sentence in the sermon this morning: "The dangerous delusion is that there can be a Crown without a Cross, Faith without a Testimony, Love without a Sacrifice."' And on the same date we have her reflections on a chapter in the Book of Deuteronomy read in church on that day:

'A much better person than myself said to me, "There was that terrible chapter read at church to-day" (Deut. xxviii.). *I* had never been so struck with its beauty and power! Always seeming new to me, as taking the sting from death—as the victory over terror! It must become in the strength

of our God our shield!' (*Threat*:) 'The Lord shall smite thee with astonishment of heart; thou shalt find no ease, neither shall the sole of thy foot have rest, but the Lord shall give thee a trembling heart, and failing of eyes, and sorrow of mind: and thy life shall hang in doubt before thee, and thou shalt fear day and night. In the morning thou shalt say, Would God it were even! for the fear of thine heart wherewith thou shalt fear.' (*Cause*:) 'Because thou servedst not thy God with joyfulness, and with gladness of heart for the abundance of all things.' (*Promise*:) 'If thou shalt hearken diligently unto the voice of the Lord thy God, to observe and to do all His commandments, all these blessings shall come on thee. Blessed shalt thou be in the city, and blessed in the field; blessed shalt thou be when thou comest in, and blessed shalt thou be when thou goest out.' (*The voice of God*:) Turn unto the Lord thy God with all thy heart and soul. Cleave unto Him, for He is thy life—for this commandment is not hidden from thee, neither is it far off. It is not in heaven, that thou shouldst say, Who shall bring it unto us? or beyond the sea. The word is very nigh unto thee—in thy mouth and in thy heart, that thou mayest do it.'

Only, as Francis Grey read this morning at Prayers: 'Cleave unto Him with full purpose of heart.'

One of the friends of her early days with whom Lady Granville had kept up her intimacy was Mrs. Lamb, the sister of Sir Augustus Clifford and widow of the Hon. George Lamb, Lord Melbourne's brother. She was apparently at Chiswick at this time, and she and my grandmother seem to have been reading the same books and comparing notes upon them. Thus Lady Granville writes: 'After a beautiful passage of Bradley's, which both Mrs. Lamb and I have copied into our books, she has written, "These words are truth—and speak to every heart . . . different characters! different histories! different griefs! It applies to all who feel. Others don't know why you are afflicted, but you do."'

On Easter Eve of this year we have some extracts from the 'Christian Year,' slightly altered in order that she may apply them to herself:

> With unaverted eye
> Meet all the storm.
> Feel all
> That thou mayest pity all;
> And rather . . . wrestle with strong pain,
> Than overcloud thy soul,
> So clear in agony.

Oh! strive to be but one

> Entire and perfect sacrifice,
> Renewed in every pulse.

. . . . . .

Faith masters agony; the soul that seemed
Forsaken, feels her present God again.[1]

In desolation unrepining,
Without a hope on earth to find
A mirror in an answering mind.
. . . . . .
To the still wrestlings of my lonely heart
Impart
The virtue of Thy midnight agony
When none was nigh
Save God and one good angel, to assuage
The tempest's rage.
. . . . . .
So shalt thou dare forego all at His call.[2]

And on Easter Day she writes, also from the 'Christian Year:'

Our treasure is not here.[3]

But the Bible was ever the book Lady Granville loved the most. She writes of it:

'I never open the Bible without being struck as if for the first time by the beauty and power of its expressions: "My doctrine shall drop as the rain, my speech shall distil as the dew; as the small rain upon the tender herb and as the showers upon the grass. . . . Ascribe the greatness unto our God. He is the Rock, His work is perfect, for all His ways are judgment . . . of truth and without iniquity."

[1] From hymn for Tuesday before Easter.
[2] From hymn for Wednesday before Easter.
[3] From hymn for Easter Day.

'"Serve God with a perfect heart and with a willing mind; for the Lord searcheth all hearts, and understandeth all the imaginations of the thoughts. If thou seek Him, He will be found of thee; but if thou forsake Him, He will cast thee off for ever."

"The Lord gave, and the Lord hath taken away. Blessed be the name of the Lord."'

And a little further on we have:

'I read, but I find nothing so powerful, so beautiful as these:

'"The arrows of the Almighty are within me, the poison whereof drinketh up my spirit; the terrors of God do set themselves in array against me."

'"Therefore despise not thou the chastening of the Almighty; for He maketh sore and bindeth up, He woundeth and His hands make whole."

'"I know the thoughts that I think towards you, saith the Lord, thoughts of peace, and not of evil. Ye shall call upon me, and ye shall go and pray unto me, and I will hearken unto you, and ye shall seek me and shall find me, when ye shall search for me with all your heart."

'"But unto you that fear my name shall the Son of Righteousness arise with healing in His wings."'

And in another part of her book she writes thus:

'The powerful expressions in Scripture seem to

me ever new, and "Sursum Corda" is their daily effect on my mind :

'"Serve the Lord with gladness.

'"O, go into His gates with thanksgiving, and into His courts with praise."

'"Who is a strong Lord like unto Thee?"

'"The heavens are Thine, the earth also is Thine."

'"Thou rulest the raging of the sea; when the waves thereof arise, Thou stillest them."

'"Strong is Thy hand, and high is Thy right hand. Justice and judgment are the habitation of Thy seat. . . . Blessed is the people that know the joyful sound."

'"I have blessed him, yea, and he shall be blessed."

'"Seeing that his life is bound up in the lad's life."

'"Even darkness which may be felt."

'"I shall see him, but not now: I shall behold him, but not nigh: there shall come a Star out of Jacob, and a Sceptre shall rise out of Israel." (The quotations from the Psalms are evidently written from memory, for they are sometimes partly from the Bible and partly from the Prayer Book versions.)

But though the Bible was the first of books to Lady Granville, she was a universal book lover, as

her family knew well. And she writes a few pages on as follows:

'I found on going to Chiswick yesterday (April 17) that my brother had fitted up my little sitting-room with two beautiful little bookcases full of all the most delightful books, with his wonderful tact as well as kindness, knowing (as if by instinct) all that must interest and please me.'

She quotes the following lines:

GOOD NIGHTE!

When thou hast spent the lingering day
In pleasure and delighte,
Or after toyle and wearie waye
Dost seek thy rest at nighte;
Unto thy prayers or pleasures past
Adde this one labor yet;
Ere sleep close up thyne eie too fast
Doo not thy God forget.

And adds: 'The above quotation is from a delightful book—"Selections of Poetry from Old Authors," by Edward Farr. D.[1] scarcely ever utters a word on such subjects, but every now and then a thought, a something that makes me see that to him,

Up earth's dark glade, the gates of heaven unclose.[2]

In dipping into the various books in her new bookshelves Lady Granville seems to have found the following verses, which she had also previously found at St. Anne's Hill with this account and

[1] Devonshire. [2] Keble.

title, 'By Lord Vaux, taken from Royal and Noble Authors.' (Lord Vaux was one of those who attended Cardinal Wolsey on his embassy to Francis I.) In the book at Chiswick they are ascribed to William Hennis, who 'was a gentleman of the Royal Chapel under Edward VI., and afterwards Chapel Master to Queen Elizabeth. Author of "A Handful of Honeysuckles," "A Hive full of Honey," and "Seven Sobs of a Sorrowful Soule for Sinne."'

The lines are as follows:

GREY HAIRS

These hairs of age are messengers
  Which bid me fast repent and pray:
They be of Heaven the harbingers,
  That death prepare and dress the way;
Wherefore I joie that you may see
Upon my head such hairs to be.

They be the lines that lead the length,
  How far my race is for to runne;
They say my youth is fled with strength,
  And how old age is weake begunne,
The which I feel, and you may see
Upon my head such lines to be.

They be the stringes of sober sound
  Whose music is harmonicall:
Their tunes declare a time from ground
  I came, and how thereto I shall.
Wherefore I joie that you may see
Upon my head such stringes to be.

God graunt to those that white hairs have
No worse them take than I have ment:
That after they be laid in grave,
Their souls may joie their lives well spent.
God grant likewise that you may see
Upon your head such hairs to be.

Lady Granville says: 'Found these lines in the shelves put by my brother in the little room he lets me go to at Chiswick. He showed them to me. God bless him.'

She seems also to have found the little song alluded to in these words: 'I found this little song; copied it, thinking it so like Susan. I was surprised to find S. R. written on it.'

THE CHRISTMAS ROSE

Right dear to me, as well may be,
That dear and even mind,
So temperate in prosperity,
In sorrow firm and kind.

To see her on life's holiday,
How mirthfully looks she,
While all along its common way
Who fares so modestly?

Her heart, it dwells in simpleness,
Nor can she veil the light
That beams from one so formed to bless
Each season, dark or bright.

She was not changed when sorrow came
  That awed the sternest men ;
It rather seemed she kept her flame
  To comfort us till then.

But sorrow passed, and others smiled
  With happiness once more,
And she drew back, the spirit mild
  She still had been before.

Lady, thou mindst me of a flower
  Each child of nature knows,
Possessed like thee of rarest power—
  My stedfast Christmas rose.

S. R.

She is not afraid of the snow.[1]

Just about this time Lady Granville seems to have been corresponding much with Lady G. Fullerton on religious subjects. In one place she writes thus :

'In a letter of Georgy's telling of Thiers' new work, "It is extraordinary how people seem now almost against their will to advocate the cause of religion. It has its advantage—this constraining power which bends many a reluctant knee to what it would have fain resisted, but it seems also to produce a great deal of spurious religion. To advocate without believing seems a new feature of our times.—G.F." '

Lady Granville's parenthetical comment is,

[1] Prov. xxxi. 21

'And I do not think much is gained by the bending of reluctant knees.—H.G.'

'Wherefore the Lord said, Forasmuch as this people draw near me with their mouth, and with their lips do honour me, but have removed their heart far from me, and their fear toward me is taught by the precept of men.'[1]

Soon after this we have a poem by Lady G. Fullerton called:

PERPETUAL PRAYER

They kneel at eve, they kneel at morn,
They kneel at noon and midnight too,
Each takes her turn, their prayers are borne
On ceaseless wings of service true.

They come—they go—in silence deep,
And one by one their vigils keep;
Each hour brings the meed of praise,
The offering at the altar lays.

While one uplifts her raptured eyes,
As if to storm the opening skies;
With hands upraised and lips apart,
As if from earth about to start,

Another's brow the ground has pressed,
Cold lips have kissed the colder stone;
Deep sobs escape a laden breast;
Its prayer a cry, its praise a groan.

[1] Is. xxix. 13.

A meek lay-sister kneels aside,
The beads through her rough fingers glide,
Though old in years, yet young in heart,
She gladly fills her duteous part.

Then seeks her couch in dreams of nought
Save heavenly duties strictly wrought;
Narrow her line, but high her aim,
The fuel coarse but pure the flame.

Fair was her face, though pale and wan,
Who with the morning light began
Her hour of prayer; though young in years,
Her features wear the trace of tears.

The brightness of her eyes is past,
As something never meant to last,
The storms of life have swept athwart
Her spirit's home—but now a calm,
Invincible as healing balm,
Has settled on her brow and heart;
And while her orisons arise
She sometimes turns those faded eyes
To Him who gives her patient strength
For life's unknown, unwelcome length.

With love absorbed, by love subdued,
Another sister kneels and prays;
With Mary's faith and hope endued,
All but one care aside she lays:
Nor pain nor sorrow led her feet,
Trembling to seek the Mercy Seat.

A love too deep, too vast for earth
In that deep soul had found its birth,
And life's unfolding scene had failed
To hide the Heaven her spirit hailed.

They come—they go—the solemn round
Of sacred service knows no bound,
Much love is there and penance keen,
And grief and comfort all unseen.
Grant us, O Lord, to feel and share
The blessing of perpetual prayer.[1]

G. F.

By the side of these verses Lady Granville has written the text 'Pray without ceasing,' some extracts on prayer by Thomas à Kempis and William Law, and the well-known lines from Keble's Morning Hymn in the 'Christian Year'—

We need not bid, for cloistered cell,
Our neighbour and our work farewell,
Nor strive to wind ourselves too high
For sinful man beneath the sky.

And it is interesting that afterwards come again the above verses of Lady G. Fullerton's slightly altered so as to suit every believer, headed 'Protestant Version' and 'Dedicated to Georgy with perfect sympathy—and only that difference of weight in the scale, which God alone can balance.'

[1] This poem, a good deal altered, is published in *The Gold-digger's Story and other Poems.*

And then come the following verses, also by Lady Georgiana:

> Was it an angel's voice that bid me leave
> All bygone dreams, and in my heart receive
> The deeper teachings of an inward life?
>
> . . . . . .
>
> I pause—I weep—and God alone can know.

to which Lady Granville adds:

> Times past! what once I was, and what am now.

and then follow these lines of Milton:

> All is best—tho' we oft doubt
> What the unsearchable dispose of Wisdom brings about.
> Peace and consolation!
> Calm of mind—all passions spent.

Then comes a print of a pilgrim standing on a slight eminence near an Iona cross, and gazing on a beautiful landscape of mountains and river with a high tower and a village with a church in the middle distance, the sun setting in the horizon. Under it my grandmother has written

'Sunset.'

'Thou art my Light in darkness, and more bright when the sun fails.'

CHAPTER XIV

Visit to the Isle of Wight.—Extracts from Schiller and George Sand—Ventnor.

In the late spring and summer of 1849 Lord and Lady Rivers took a house at Ryde for their family, and Lady Granville went to Ventnor at the same time, I suppose in order to be near them. It was evidently a great effort to her to go to a place which seems to have been connected in some way with her happier days, for we find this heading :

'Isle of Wight, May 9, 1849. Not having been here since 1811,' followed by these extracts from Schiller's poems :

Erloschen sind die heitern Sonnen
Die meiner Jugend Pfad erhellt ;
Die Ideale sind zerronnen
Die einst das trunkne Herz geschwellt.

. . . . . .

Mich weckt aus meinen frohen Träumen
Mit rauhem Arm die Gegenwart.
Die Wirklichkeit mit ihren Schranken
Umlagert den gebundnen Geist ;
Sie stürzt, die Schöpfung der Gedanken
Der Dichtung schöner Flor zerreist.

. . . . . .

Da lebte mir der Baum, die Rose,
Mir sang der Quellen Silberfall,
Es fühlte selbst das Seelenlose
Von meines Lebens Wiederhall

. . . . . .

Und immer stiller ward's und immer
Verlassner auf dem rauhen Steg ;
Kaum warf noch einen bleichen Schimmer
Die Hoffnung auf den finstern Weg.' [1]

Alles sey mit ihm begraben
Was ihn freuen mag.[2]

Freudlos in der Freuden Fülle,
Ungesellig und allein,

. . . . . .

Einsam in die Wüste tragen
Muss ich mein gequältes Herz.[3]

Und so sass er viele Tage,
Sass viel Jahre lang,
Harrend ohne Schmerz und Klage.[4]

And she quotes from George Sand's writings what she evidently knew would at one time have expressed her feelings on the occasion.

' Il est difficile de trouver la nature extérieure en harmonie avec la disposition de l'esprit. Généralement l'aspect des lieux triomphe de cette disposition et apporte à l'âme des impressions nouvelles.

[1] From *Die Ideale.* [2] From *Nadowessische Todtenklage.*
[3] From *Cassandra.* [4] From *Ritter Toggenburg.*

Mais si l'âme est malade elle résiste à la puissance des temps et des lieux ; elle se révolte contre l'action des choses étrangères à sa souffrance, et s'irrite de les trouver en désaccord avec elle . . . . je sentis en moi une fatigue, déplorable encore—aucune espérance, aucun désir, un profond ennui—la faculté d'accepter tous les biens et tous les maux ; trop de découragement ou de paresse pour un corps plus dur à la fatigue que celui d'un buffle—une âme irritée, sombre et hautaine, avec un caractère indolent, silencieux, calme comme l'eau de cette source qui n'a pas un pli à la surface, mais qu'un grain de sable bouleverse.' [1]

But Lady Granville thankfully acknowledges in the words of Scripture that these feelings have passed away, for she writes underneath the extract these words :

'He hath called me out of darkness into His marvellous light.' [2]

And although the first effort of going again to the Isle of Wight had been painful, Lady Granville's visit there evidently proved successful, and she seems to have much enjoyed the beauty of her surroundings. In one of her letters to Lady G. Fullerton she has made a rough pen-and-ink drawing of the view from her window of houses, sea and rocks and tufts of flowers, and says : 'I sit looking out of

[1] George Sand. [2] 1 Peter ii. 9.

window through the treillage verandah,' and gives the following graphic description of the weather:

'This is a *soi-disant* summer day, but not yet west wind and cold moments through gilded oppression. The weather here is a constant struggle, and we sit out of doors with umbrellas and plaids.' And in another letter she writes: 'Ventnor.—And now I can read and write after a very hot walk, but summer is welcome, with whatever little infirmity, such as an east wind whistling through the apparent heat.' In another letter she writes:

'I have to-day for the first time (and yesterday) done justice to out of doors—B. and V.,[1] with the help of fancying you seeing it. I almost thought I was leaning on your arm, down some very steep steps—to Ventnor amphitheatre and beach—with such a bit of rock in points and splashing sea—and to-day on a little wild bit of Bonchurch beach; but alone (except for experiment) I keep to my bright room 'Ausgeheulte[2] Topaz' and Do. Beach.

[1] Bonchurch and Ventnor.

[2] This cannot be correct. Does she mean *Ausgehöhlte?*

CHAPTER XV

Visit to Bolton Abbey—Visit to Castle Howard—Lines found in Mrs. Charles Howard's MS. book—Mrs. Charles Howard and Lady Ridley—Gilsland Spa and Naworth Castle.

In August 1849 Lady Granville was at Bolton Abbey, the Duke of Devonshire's beautiful place in Yorkshire and the scene of 'The White Doe of Rylstone,' Wordsworth's famous poem. A print of the abbey is pasted into her book, and on August 19 she writes: 'Having been in the morning to church, to the Chapel "in the shattered fabric's heart," in the once "stately priory," "or the field of Wharf," and looked down in my evening walk upon the river "pent in with rocks on either side" the "prelusive hymn" still sounding in my ears, I came home to read "The White Doe of Rylstone" and "The Force of Prayer."

Now there is stillness in the vale
And long unspeaking sorrow.
. . . . . .
And the lady prayed in heaviness
That looked not for relief,
But slowly did her succour come,
And a patience to her grief.

Oh! there is never sorrow of heart
That shall lack a timely end,
If but to God we turn and ask
Of Him to be our friend.[1]

Now stood he, leaning on a lance,
Which he had grasped unknowingly,
Had blindly grasped in that strong trance,
That dimness of heart agony.
There stood he, cleansed from the despair
And sorrow of his fruitless prayer.'[2]

A fern leaf is fastened into this page of my grandmother's book with a small wafer-sized representation of Bolton Abbey, and then follows this extract from Whitaker's 'History of Craven:'

'The founders of Embray were now dead, and had left a daughter, who adopted her mother's name Romillé, and was married to William FitzDuncan. They had issue a son, commonly called "the boy of Egremont," who, surviving an elder brother, became the last hope of the family. In the deep solitude of the woods between Bolton and Barden, the Wharf suddenly contracts itself into a rocky channel little more than four feet wide, and pours through the tremendous fissure with a rapidity proportional to its confinement. The place was then (as it is yet) called the Strid, for a feat often exercised by persons of more agility than prudence, who stride

[1] 'The Force of Prayer.' [2] 'The White Doe of Rylstone.'

from brink to brink, regardless of the destruction which awaits a faltering step. Such, according to tradition, was the fate of young Romillé, who inconsiderately bounding over the chasm, with a greyhound in his leash, the animal hung back and drew his unfortunate master into the torrent. The forester who accompanied Romillé and beheld his fate returned to the Lady Auliza, and with despair in his countenance inquired, "What is good for a bootless bene?" to which the mother, apprehending that some great calamity had befallen her son, instantly replied, "Endless sorrow." The language of this question, almost unintelligible at present, proves the antiquity of the story. "Bootless bene" is unavailing prayer, and the meaning, though imperfectly expressed, seems to have been, "What remains when prayer is useless?" This misfortune is said to have occasioned the translation of the priory from Embray to Bolton.'

After leaving Bolton Abbey Lady Granville must have gone to Castle Howard. There is a print of the house in her book followed by several extracts, mostly of rather a melancholy description, for it was the first visit she had paid there since the death of Lady Carlisle's husband in the preceding autumn, to which I have already alluded.

The lines written immediately under the print are as follows:

There are two tunes in life. . . .
And all things have on them from Heaven a touch
Of Sunshine or of Shade.
I have been here before, yet scarce can tell
The outline of the hills ;
The light is changed—another voice doth swell
In those wild-sounding rills.
I have been here before—in sun and shade
A blythe green place it seemed.

. . . . . .

And I have ridden to the lake each day
With more than common gladness—
Now hill and flood upon me strangely weigh
With new and fearful sadness. . . .
. . . All these bright things but give
Cold blueness to the lake—cold brightness to the air. . . .
Oh! speak to me, thou lake! thou mountain brow!
In that old voice of joy![1]

And a little further on we have some lines headed thus :

'These lines were given to me by my sister. She found them after Mrs. Charles Howard's death in her manuscript book.'

The lines are as follows :

Innocent and very blest,
Like the leaves I sank to rest.
Stranger! weep not o'er my grave,
I have joys which earth ne'er gave.

[1] Rev. William Frederic Faber.

If I had thought thou couldst have died,
I might not weep for thee ;
But I forgot when by thy side
That thou couldst mortal be.

It never through my mind had passed
The time would e'er be o'er,
And I on thee should look my last
And thou shouldst smile no more.

. . . . .

I do not think, where'er thou art,
Thou hast forgotten me,
And I perhaps may soothe this heart
In thinking too of thee.

Yet there was round thee such a dawn
Of light ne'er seen before,
As fancy never could have drawn,
And never can restore.

Mrs. Charles Howard was a daughter of Sir James Parke, afterwards Lord Wensleydale, and was, I believe, a very charming person. She married the Hon. Charles Howard in 1842, and died in the following year after the birth of her son, who succeeded his uncle as ninth Earl of Carlisle in 1889. Only two years after her death, her sister, who had married Sir Matthew Ridley in 1841, died also, and we have in my grandmother's book:

'From a letter of James Hope's[1] to Baron Parke after Lady Ridley's death, alluding to Mrs. Charles Howard's:'

'"Those two bright forms and kind hearts both taken from you in so short a time. How past finding out is God's Providence, how much do we need His help in bowing to it! As I write so many thoughts of former times come upon me—when everything was bright and promising—that I can hardly realise what has since occurred. I pray heartily that you and Lady Parke may have strength to bear the change now again so powerfully forced upon your minds."'

But though the return to Castle Howard brought with it sad thoughts and recollections, it is pleasant to see that Lady Granville was also able to enjoy the cultivated, intellectual life of the Howards. A few pages further on we come upon a clever pen-and-ink sketch of one side of the picture gallery at Rossie Priory. There is the rough sketch of each picture, with the name of the artist.

Under the drawing she writes:

'This is to give some idea of a catalogue of

[1] James Hope, a distinguished lawyer, who made a large fortune at the Parliamentary Bar, and was also a well-known man in the religious world. He became a Roman Catholic in 1851. He was grandson of the third Earl of Hopetoun. In 1847 he married the grand-daughter of Sir Walter Scott, and took the additional name of Scott. He subsequently married Lady Victoria Howard. He died in 1873.

pictures copied by Mrs. Edward Howard[1] at Lord Kinnaird's in Scotland. I think it might be such an amusing occupation for those who travel about to places where there are fine pictures, and vary the occupations of "Clans, Cliques, and Courts"—*vide* conversation at breakfast at Castle Howard.'

After leaving Castle Howard Lady Granville went into Cumberland, and her book contains prints of Gilsland Spa and of Naworth Castle, Lord Carlisle's Border Tower, in the courtyard of which grew 'the slight and slender jessamine tree' alluded to in some well-known verses by Lord Carlisle. Naworth Castle was partly destroyed by fire on May 18, 1844, but Lady Granville quotes 'from the Brampton address to Morpeth' (now become Lord Carlisle) as follows:

'Its walls, its towers, and its battlements are still standing, and in a great measure unimpaired. The ivy still clings almost unscathed to the time-honoured and fire-stricken fabric which it has adorned for ages, and the slight and slender jessamine tree is still flourishing there in all its loveliness and beauty. . . The fine old castle, with all its spirit-stirring associations, has been linked to our hearts by ties of a stronger and deeper description than could be

[1] Mrs. Edward Howard was a most cultivated person. She was the only daughter of the Hon. John Ponsonby, and married in 1842 the Hon. Edward Howard, afterwards created Lord Lanerton. He died in 1880, but she survived him and died only in 1894.

generated by any assemblage or combination of the reliques of a bygone age; and these are the high and unsullied purity and extensive usefulness of your Lordship's public and private life.'

To this Lord Morpeth's reply, also quoted, was as follows:

'I do not affect to treat lightly the loss which my family, and, in some degree, the public have sustained. There were features and lineaments belonging to the ancient dwelling-house, the border stronghold, which gave to Naworth an aspect and a character peculiarly its own. There, as nowhere else, you could look upon the actual halls where old barons or warders presided, and galleries where retainers for moss-troopers kept watch upon vaults where the booty of the foray was stored, or the dungeons where freebooters, if not Scotchmen, were immured. . . . The entire tower of whether you call him "Bauld" or "Belted" Will, the whole circle of the outer walls, both within and without the court, in their full massiveness and their grey simplicity, the very verdure which clothes them in all its freshness and the ineffaceable beauties of the site, these are still left to us.'

To these words Lady Granville adds:

'1849. "Thou shalt be called The repairer of the breach, The restorer of paths to dwell in."'[1]

[1] Isa. lviii. 12.

Her book also contains a print of Llanercost Priory, near Naworth Castle, and beneath it an extract from a poem by the fifth Earl of Carlisle :

> List to the neighbouring abbey's bell
> That faintly echoes through the dell ;
> Those sacred sounds recall the sense
> Of ruder man's beneficence,
> Who followed in his cloistered nest
> Pity's and Charity's behest.

CHAPTER XVI

Visit to Mr. Francis Grey's rectory at Morpeth—Extracts from Seneca's works and reflections upon them—Extracts from a MS. book of Mrs. D'Arcy Osborne's—'Copying-out books'—Drawing of a nun at prayer.

On leaving Cumberland Lady Granville paid a short visit to Mr. and Lady Elizabeth Grey at his rectory at Morpeth. She dates from thence on September 29, and under a small stamped relief of Morpeth Church has written some extracts of which she says:

'The following extracts were taken from an edition of the "Christian Year," written there by Elizabeth Grey.'

I quote only one of these extracts, which is, I think, interesting:

INSCRIPTION ON A CLOCK

What now thou doest, or art about to do,
Will help to give thee peace, or make thee rue,
When, wavering on the dot, this hand shall tell
The moment that secures thee Heaven or Hell.

About this time Lady Granville seems to have

been interested in reading some of Seneca's works, and quotes many of his sayings, interpolating remarks of her own, such as, 'I am happy to find that Seneca pined to be a Christian.'

She says: 'Dr. Donne calls Seneca "the moral man's Holy Ghost," and so I thought him (painfully perhaps) till I found how much he instinctively seems to feel and fail in what the "one thing needful" can alone give in passages like the following (and I feel all the time of his precepts and declarations, to quote a sentence of his own, "we have the thing all ready, but know not where it lies"). "Some benefits, it is true, may seem to be unequally divided." "We must consult the best we can the common ease and relief of mankind." "We may seem, perhaps, to promise more than human nature is able to perform." "I am strongly transported with the thoughts of eternity—nay, with the belief of it; for I have a profound veneration for the opinions of great men, especially when they promise things so much to my satisfaction; for they do promise them, though they do not prove them."'

Against these extracts from Seneca Lady Granville has aptly written the following from Dr. Cumming's works:

'Do you not see that the highest conjectures of genius tread upon the skirts of what God has revealed? so that Nature, when left to herself, feels

and owns her agony—and the sceptic (for sceptic read "heathen") describes her in the formula of Scripture—as feeling restless for deliverance, and so adds his testimony to the truth of God's Word.'

Commonplace-books seem to have been much in vogue at this time, and Lady Granville was sometimes interested in reading those of other persons, and occasionally copied extracts from them. Thus we have a few 'from a manuscript book of Mrs. D'Arcy Osborne's.' This lady was a daughter of the Rev. W. Douglas, Prebendary of Westminster, and married D'Arcy Godolphin Osborne, son of the first Lord Godolphin, in 1845. He died in 1846.

The extracts are as follows:

'She suffered from this one constant, undefinable, wearing pain—her heart ached. . . . I must avoid another danger—that of telling my fellow creatures, who cannot help me, of remorse which can only safely and properly be laid open to the Power whose blessing can only give it wholesome efficacy. . . . When we determine what is the least that is necessary to salvation, we make a law for Heaven. . . . Think more of what you are called upon to perform than what you may have to suffer—and the arms of God's mercy be around you! . . . Go out of yourself to think of others, and to mix a little happiness in the cup (bitter to all) of every being

with whom you associate. This is our appointed task.'

As children we had my grandmother's love of writing out extracts, having each what we called our 'copying-out books,' and the writing in them being with us a favourite Sunday occupation. I find in my grandmother's book several extracts over which she has written :

'I found what fills this and the next pages in George Pitt's "Book of Extracts."'

These extracts are mostly not of any special interest.

The following lines from 'The Tales of Kirkbeck'—

> The hour now shown perhaps may be thy last;
> Repent and pray before that hour be past—

she has illustrated with the drawing of an hour-glass, probably the one she always had by her during her half-hour's readings.

In my brother's book, which is now in my possession, they are illustrated by the dial of a clock.

In some lines from 'Wanderings in the Isle of Wight,' which are as follows—

> Ivy, clinging round the tree,
> Gladly would I learn of thee;
> Clinging, as the year goes round,
> To the Cross would I be found—

she has copied George Pitt's own illustrations of an ivy branch encircling a tree and a cross, surrounded by a halo.

To the year 1849 belongs also a pen-and-ink drawing, signed M.H., of a nun at prayer with a cross in her hand, and underneath are the words :

'A broken and a contrite heart, O God, Thou wilt not despise.'

On the corner underneath it my grandmother pasted a female figure seated, or rather crouched, on the ground, in an attitude of deep dejection. I recollect that she often used to say that she had never seen any representation of a kneeling figure that conveyed to her mind the real self-abandonment of prayer. This drawing may have been sent to her as an attempt at this. I do not know who is the artist.

CHAPTER XVII

Lady Granville takes a house in Hyde Park Square and afterwards one at Bonchurch—Her life there—Interest in her grandsons—Lines by Lady Carlisle—Extracts from books, and Lady Granville's comments upon them.

On November 1, 1849, Lady Granville dates from Hyde Park Square, where she had taken a house for a time, and from that period she was rarely without a London house, which was like a second home to Lady Rivers and her family.

Lady Rivers's elder girls were now of an age to require masters, and in this way my grandmother was glad to be of use to them. She, however, did not on this occasion remain in town through the winter, but took a house for a few months at Bonchurch, near Ventnor, called Rose Mount, where George and Granville Pitt were with her, while Lord and Lady Rivers and their other children were in a neighbouring house called Pulpit Rock. On Monday, December 24, she writes to the Duchess of Beaufort, and tells her that Lord and Lady Rivers had arrived on the previous Saturday. She describes the Sunday services which she had

attended. She had especially enjoyed the evening one at Ventnor, which she had attended with Mlle. Descombaz, the Pitts' governess, and says they 'walked up the steep hill home, with the moon and bright stars and the cold, crystal air, with the sound of the last hymn still in our ears. I like to have it late in the day so much. Mr. Coleman preached well.'

But she was perturbed by hearing that in the morning service at Ventnor Mr. Coleman had preached against 'carollers,' and she writes thus on this subject:

'I ask you a question, dearest Duchess—not to be answered till we meet, as there is no hurry.—A week ago, on a freezing night, we were delighted to hear some very pretty Christmas carols. The children were delighted, and we kept them on some time, and I paid them, perhaps, rather more than is usual. Well, yesterday Rivers and Fanny went to the Ventnor church in the morning, where Mr. Coleman preached most vehemently against carollers, and the rich, who, giving them money, became *partakers* of their guilt.

'I own I did not feel remorse upon this, but I felt there was something in what he said, the probability of their drinking, the music and doggerel often rather taking off from solemn and reverent feeling, &c. I shall (out of respect to him) not

admit them if they come this evening, but I shall hope to know in February what you think.'

Of this time at Bonchurch Lady Granville writes thus to Lady Georgiana Fullerton:

'Yes, dearest, the rest is to be received, as some do hope, joy, all life's bright things, with unbounded gratitude. I feel it—the perfect stillness, the hours for occupation. Westerton and Clifford and Lady Dover furnished me with stores of reading—luxurious armchairs, drawers, desks, cupboards, for every kind of classification of one's goods. Then constant occupation with the children. The boys are much too charming, *much* more than ever—happy, joyous, little Granny *too* clever. Tea yesterday with Tissy and Fanny, and the four printing (we owe that to you) most successfully . . . are indeed pleasures, but I do not leave my room except for meals. Whilst they are busy or talking, they do not want me. At a quarter before one I read aloud whilst they draw. In the afternoon an hour's regular lessons with the boys. Then my letters give me ample business of a kind I like.'

Many of the extracts in her book have reference to her grandsons. Thus we have:

'Dictated to me from memory by George and Granville Pitt this evening, Sunday, January 13, 1850. Bonchurch:'

Soon will the evening star, with silver ray,
Shed its mild influence o'er the sacred day:
Resume we then, ere sleep and silence reign,
The rites that holiness and Heaven ordain.

Still let each awful truth our souls engage
That shines revealed in Inspiration's page,
Nor be those hours in vain amusement past
Which all who lavish will lament at last.

Saviour of men, in whom our hopes confide,
Whose power defends us and whose precepts guide;
In life our Guardian and in death our Friend,
Glory supreme to Thee till time shall end.

And as yon sun, descending, rolls away
To rise in glory at return of day,
So may we set, our transient being o'er,
To rise in glory on the eternal shore.

And on January 26, 1850, she quotes from Gen. xlviii. 16:

'The Angel, which redeemed me from all evil, bless the lads!'

This time at Bonchurch was uneventful, and the chief interest in Lady Granville's extract book is the mention of various letters received, scraps of poetry written by members of her own gifted family, &c. We find, for instance, a print of a proposed new church at Morpeth with the text:

'O go into His gates with thanksgiving, and

into His courts with praise,' written over it, and under it some lines, endorsed here as 'sent to me by Elizabeth Grey,' but which I find in Lady Carlisle's handwriting on a half-sheet of notepaper pasted into an earlier part of the book, where my grandmother has described them as 'sent to me by my sister in answer to my telling her that I should like to see the beautiful church at Morpeth, but not better than the Methodists' Meeting on Woodcotes common,[1] or the breaking-down little church at Tollard,[2] with its nasal clerk and bad music. 'No matter for the when or where.' 'A ministering spirit shall my sister be.'

Lady Carlisle's lines are as follows:

Where is the seed that finds the soil
  Acceptable to God in heaven?
Grows it in Morpeth's sculptured aisle?
  In Tollard's chapel, rent and riven?

It buds within the contrite mind,
  It rises in the heartfelt sigh,
Unheard, unknown, and undefined,
  But safely registered on high.

In this peaceful time of Lady Granville's life she did not forget the deep waters of affliction through which she had passed. I will quote two extracts from the writings of Archbishop Trench and her

[1] Woodcotes was a hamlet near Rushmore.
[2] Afterwards restored by Lord Rivers.

favourite Dr. Fuller on account of her reflections upon them. Here are Trench's words:

'Our own life brings out in it such new and undreamt-of treasures. What an interpreter of Scripture is affliction! . . . What an enlargement of any outer or inner event which stirs the deeps of our hearts, which touches us near to the core and centre of our lives! Trouble of spirit—condemnation of conscience—sudden danger—strong temptation—when any of these overtake us, what veils do they take away that we may see what hitherto we saw not! . . . how do promises which once fell flat upon our ears become precious now, psalms become our own, our heritage for ever, which before were aloof from us!'

Fuller says:

'Thus God orders it that divers men (and perhaps the same man at divers times) make use of all His gifts, gleaning and gathering comfort as it is scattered through the whole field of the Scripture.'

On these passages Lady Granville comments as follows:

'Can I ever forget the impression made on me by different passages at different times of my *then* uncontrollable misery? The repentance of Manasseh (in Windsor Forest); the angel appearing to Daniel (at Rushmore, in a moment of

crushing anxiety); the story of Jabez (in Mrs. Purchas's cottage[1] at Tollard), with hundreds of texts which seem to have been poured out upon me by an invisible Hand. "It is I, be not afraid."'

There is a quaint little comment on the following passage from Hannah More's letters:

'The standard of religion should always be kept high. The very best of us are sure to pull it down a great many pegs in our practice.'

This is Lady Granville's comment:

'No, Hannah, lower the standard, and put in more pegs.'

[1] A cottage in which my grandmother used at one time to hire a room in which to sit and have her luncheon between the morning and afternoon services.

CHAPTER XVIII

Lady Granville takes a house in Westbourne Terrace—Her interest in the education of her granddaughters—Mr. Boone's preaching—Curious experiences in churches—Attendance at daily service.

In February 1850 Lady Granville took a house in Westbourne Terrace, and her two elder granddaughters were with her there for the sake of having masters. She, as usual, threw herself into their interests and occupations. She writes thus to Lady G. Fullerton about them:

'The girls are too charming, and apparently in perfect happiness. Their masters are dissipation to me. This morning a dancing master, something between D. and Sir E. Bulwer, and the Duc de Guiche, has been giving the most amusing lesson, and I think they will improve so, and they looked so graceful and dignified that I was quite charmed. Their essays for Mr. Hoblyn [1] perfectly astound G. Stewart and me—prove such a cultivated soil and powers of all kinds.'

In an old memorandum book of Lady Granville's there is a list of poor people, whom Mr. Boone, the

[1] An English master.

then incumbent of St. John's church, Paddington, had asked her to visit. One of her great interests in London was attending his church, and she much admired his preaching after she had got over his manner, which she at first disliked, as will be seen by the following amusing letter to Lord Carlisle :

'After I had written this morning, I heard a bell and went to afternoon service at St. John's My reflections were, "How Mr. Jenkins[1] has spoilt me! I cannot bear this man—his voice is so low, and he can hardly see to read, he puts the Prayer Book so close to his eyes; but of course he was borrowed for this evening. I hope we shall not have him often. His manner and look so entirely unimpressive." Well, as I was going to ask about my seat to the clerk, I was shocked a little at a man and woman talking and laughing so very loud with him in the church.

'ME

'Pray, can I have a seat in a pew?

'CLERK

'Quite impossible, ma'am.

'THE LOUD MAN

'Have you any business in the vestry?

[1] A clergyman whose church she attended when staying with the Duke of Devonshire at Chiswick.

'ME

'None but my sitting.

'THE LOUD MAN

'Well, I dare say I can accommodate you. Do you object to sitting with my wife and her old aunt (pointing to an excellent retired pew)? And instead of your thanking me, I thank you, for I must have somebody—always take in a stranger—and had rather have one permanently.

'ME

'Thanks. And to the clerk afterwards: Who is that gentleman?

'CLERK

'Just come down from the desk, ma'am—Mr. Boone.'

Lady Granville seems to have participated in or heard curious conversations in church, for there is another letter to Lord Carlisle, written apparently about the same time, giving an account of a service in Brunswick Chapel.[1]

'I arrived at Brunswick Chapel three quarters of an hour too soon, a thing I like, but this time it was neither "elevation nor isolation." The pew openers, church beadle, and a little man with immense ledger books under his arm were gossiping eagerly.

[1] A chapel formerly existing either in or near Brunswick Square.



Georgiana, Countess of Carlisle.
1853.
From a miniature by Thorburn.



her endorsement of the following beautiful verses as 'given by Georgy to my sister on her birthday. Worthing, July 12, 1850.'

Sole sister of my mother, is
  Thy birthday then to-day?
The spirit of her love I fain
  Would borrow for my lay.

That love which haunts thy footsteps now
  As in those days of yore,
When, children both, you played upon
  This smooth and sandy shore.

An only sister's love! There lies
  In that tie something strange,
O'er which life's most estranging moods
  Can never work a change.

Its cable chain lies deep, and waves
  Sweep over it in vain;
It falls and rises with each tide
  Of mutual joy or pain.

O dear to me for her dear sake
  Who dearer is than all;
And for thine own sweet self, whose charm
  No words can well recall.

For childhood's grace and woman's wit,
  Unconscious of its power,
And youth's attractions, e'en in age,
  These are thy nature's dower.

And shouldst thou live to be what men
  Of old a beldam styled,
And of thy great grandchildren see
  Upon thy knees the child,

Still will the same sweet childlike grace
  Attend thy latest age,
And the same charm we so much prize
  Will still all hearts engage.[1]

[1] Published, with several alterations, in *The Gold-digger's Story and other Poems.*

CHAPTER XX

At Midgham with the Fullertons—Death of Lady Rivers's baby—Death of George Pitt—Death of Marcia Fox.

BUT on July 16, 1850, Mr. Fullerton and Lady Georgiana went to Midgham, a country house in Berkshire which they had hired for a time, and on July 25 we have some extracts in my grandmother's book dated from there.

Lord Rivers took a house at Bournemouth for the winter of 1850–51 for the benefit of his invalid sons. Lady Granville was there at the same time, but she, I think, was staying at the hotel. She shared with her daughter the grief of the first break in the happy home circle. The first to be taken was Marcia Louisa, a baby of only a few months old and delicate from her birth. Lady Rivers had feared for her the journey from London, where she was born in Lady Granville's house, and had left her there under the care of a devoted nurse. But in October news came that the child was dying, and the parents went up to London just before her death on October 18. It was during these days of anxiety that Lady Granville

copied the following lines, 'Written by Charles Wesley to his sister at a moment of great and perplexing misery,' for they are dated 'Bournemouth, October 14, 1850.'

The lines are as follows:

When want and pain and death besiege our gate,
And every solemn moment teems with fate;
While clouds and darkness fill the space between,
Perplex the event, and shade the folded scene;
In humble silence wait th' unuttered voice,
Suspend thy will, and check thy forward choice.

But after a few months this bereavement was followed by a severer one, which touched Lady Granville in her tenderest feelings. I have mentioned before her affection for George Pitt, her eldest grandson, who had been much with her at Bonchurch and elsewhere. In December 1850 he was attacked with typhoid fever, and died on the twentieth of that month. On one page of Lady Granville's book she has pasted the names of the days of the week, 'printed for my Prayer Book by George Pitt,' who had a small printing-press which was a great pleasure and amusement to him, and these printed words form the headings of applicable quotations. First we have from Tennyson:

Happy he with such a mother! Faith in womankind
. . . and trust in all things high
Come easy to him.'

Next:

> The child is gone before
> To that celestial shore.
> He hath left his mates behind;
> He hath all the storms of life outrowed,
> Found the rest we toil to find,
> Landed in the arms of God.

Then from Wesley:

> He in his youthful prime
> Hath leaped the bounds of time,
> Taken to an early rest,
> Caught into eternity.

'"The Lord hath given and the Lord hath taken away. Blessed be the name of the Lord."

'"We are safe in the arms of the Lord" almost his last words.'

On Christmas Day 1850 occurred the death of the beautiful Marcia Fox, daughter of Sackville Walter Lane Fox, at the early age of 21. With reference to this touching event Lady Granville quotes from a letter of Lady Ducie to Lady Louisa Finch, daughter of the Duke of Beaufort and my grandmother's niece:

'You have heard of her death after an illness of only one week. I have had a few heartbroken but yet thoroughly resigned lines from her maid, who had lived with her since she was a child, and whose

desire has been for many years to see her what latterly she was. . . . Her last letter to me breathed the deepest and warmest love to her Saviour. . . . God has indeed been very merciful. He seemed to prepare her so suddenly for her blessed change. I seldom met with any one whose view seemed so clear, and who had in so short a time gained such a thorough knowledge of the Bible. It used to be my greatest happiness to listen to her.'

The last page of this MS. volume contains an extract from Samuel Wilberforce's preface to 'Consolation,' and some lines by Tennyson, both of which Lady Granville is evidently applying to her own experience:

'The extracts here brought together are passages which in hours of trial have come with thoughts of strength and refreshment to one true sufferer. They are gathered from every source which lay open to her, not from those writers only whose general tone of doctrine would agree with the whole tone of this work, but from all to whom it had been given to speak a word in season to one who was bearing the burden of the Lord. Thus they are not intended to direct the reader to the other writings of all the authors here quoted, but to be complete in themselves, to serve as key-notes for thought and meditation in those intervals of stillness which form so large a portion of life in the sick chamber.'

These lines of Tennyson from 'In Memoriam' are very touching in their application:

Forgive these wild and wandering cries,
Confusions of a wasted youth;
Forgive them where they fail in truth,
And in Thy wisdom make me wise.

CHAPTER XXI

Death of Lady G. Ryder's child—The Crystal Palace.

In February 1851 Lady Granville was sympathising deeply in the grief of her niece, Lady Georgiana Ryder, at the death of a beloved child. She has pasted in her book a pen-and-ink drawing of great beauty, representing a young girl upon a bier, a kneeling figure embracing her, and three other figures at the side with their arms interlaced. Underneath it Lady Granville has written thus:

'One more bitter drop—perhaps the bitterest of all—to poor Georgiana Ryder's full cup. I received this from the Duchess of Beaufort this morning: "All is over—the dear little child breathed her last this morning without a struggle. She was the pet of the whole family, and perhaps there was a fear of my beloved Georgy idolising her. For many hours during one day that her darling Blanche lay in a stupor she could only repeat these lines:

Thy work the fibres of a mother's heart,
What mine now suffers Thou alone canst see.
Grace equal to that suffering, Lord, impart,
And with a Parent's pity, pity me.

Lady Granville had given up her house in Westbourne Terrace, and on May 1, 1851, took one in Upper Brook Street.

At this time she was much interested in the Crystal Palace, on account of its having been built by Mr. (afterwards Sir Joseph) Paxton, the Duke of Devonshire's gardener at Chatsworth, and there are many interesting extracts referring to it. It may be well to give, in the first place, a long letter to Lady Rivers, begun by Lady Granville herself on the day of the opening and finished by Mr. Stewart, an old and much-beloved friend of the family, who was himself present at the ceremony.

'*Thursday*, 10 *o'clock*.—A blue and gold morning —a real blessing. Crowds have been walking over the park (as Fanny [1] tells me) in pink bonnets and visites—and a line of carriages—since the early dawn, conveying their smart freights to the Palace, where by this time they must all be safely housed. Think if it had been the drenching rain of the two last days! To describe your boy's [2] delight is beyond my power, seeing all the really pretty *tableaux mouvants* passing before his eyes. Mlle. E—— [3] and Fanny are—what shall I say?—in every corner, at every window—all eyes—on one leg!

[1] Fanny Pitt, who was staying with Lady Granville at this time.

[2] Granville Pitt.

[3] Mlle. Eward, the old governess of Lady Granville's daughters, now on a visit to her.

The household ditto. God grant the day may end as prosperously as it has begun. George gave me charming details of you all. He will come here straight from the Crystal Palace.

. . . . . .

'*Half past* 1.—Here are Eward, Granny, Fanny, returned from the Serpentine. They drove in without the slightest difficulty at the Victoria Gate, saw the magnificent sight of millions crowding round the building. The day has continued fine. I never saw such a sight as the park from these windows, and the calm, the order, something quite wonderful. Now to dinner—in great hopes of visitors.'

Now Mr. Stewart continues:

'And therefore in came I, bringing the first tidings of the ceremony in the interior having gone off most perfectly. Such a beautiful scene never was seen in the world before, for there never was such a place before to show it in. The bright, fairy-like decorations of the place altogether, visible in its whole length and breadth, filled below and lined above with thousands of well-dressed people, was the prettiest and most imposing sight I ever saw; and when one saw that it was formed of a combination of all nations, all classes, and almost of all times, from the last inventions of the present day to the old Beefeaters of the thirteenth [*sic*] century, it caused one's pleasure to consist of a mixture of feelings

and sensations almost impossible to define to oneself.

'There was an enormous assemblage—people had been coming in vehicles or on foot from seven o'clock in the morning—day bright and beautiful—all in good humour and come to be pleased. I went at a quarter past ten—not the slightest difficulty in getting in—"We will take your signature next time, sir." Once in, although given a card for a particular part of the building, no one interfered with you; there was enormous space to circulate in behind the front lines, and you made your way to any spot you liked best, except to seats reserved for the privileged; all the front rows women, chiefly seated—and they were the only obstreperous spirits, for they would sometimes stand up, and squabbled a little among themselves. I got excellent places for seeing. The Queen arrived at twelve—capitally received—looked well pleased and gay. Walked up and down and across with Albert and the little prince, through the narrow lines of people, bowing and cheered the whole way—enough to make her head ache; and since she went I have been wandering in Austrian salons and talking to an American of a new improvement in rifles.

'Lord and Lady Carlisle came to Brook Street[1] soon after I got there. She had seen it all, and looked

[1] Where the dowager Lady Granville was living at this time.

like a young woman of 40. Since Leveson[1]—quite satisfied with all that had passed—the old Duke of Wellington was cheered as much as the Queen—rather indecorous, as he walked just before her, tottering along arm in arm with Lord Anglesea. I am glad it is over. Many people expected something unpleasant; great precautions were taken, but nothing could possibly have gone off more prosperously and satisfactorily in every way and to everybody, out and in. Lord John and Lord Stanley were just behind each other, and amused themselves with chaffing each other. Lord John said Lord S. had none of his Lincolnshire farmers here, and S. said it was a pity the people couldn't see *more* of Lord John in order to cheer him. Some people that stood near did not like Leveson's uniform (Deputy Lieutenant's), but said he was a good fellow and one of the best of the lot. Fanny is to go under my escort on Monday, and has pledged herself to go with no one before. Do. Mlle. Eward. Granville[2] seems remarkably well, and so does Lady Granville. I hope you are the same.

'Your most obedt. servant,

'G. A. STEWART.'

Lady Granville adds:

'God bless you, dearest. Is not this a delicious account of England's Triumph?'

[1] Lord Granville. [2] Granville Pitt.

This letter is followed by many passages in Lady Granville's commonplace book copied from various authors, and connected in her own mind with this subject.

Here is one headed 'Chaucer:'

'It was in one of the playful flights of his untiring fancy that he touched on scenes and objects strangely associated with the occasion of this little book[1]—it occurs in a poem, well known as "Chaucer's Dream." He "had a dream which was not all a dream." He imagined, standing on an island, a structure whose wall and gate were all of glass,

> And so was closèd round about
> That leaveless none came in or out;
> And of a suit were all the towers,
> Subtilly carven after flowers,
> Of uncouth colours during aye,
> That never been none seen in May.

The Island of the Crystal Palace he represents under the sovereignty of a beautiful lady, who becomes wedded to a loyal knight, and he describes a festival celebrated in tents on a large plain by 'the Queen, the Prince, and all the rest."

'The coincidence between these parts of the poet's dream and the reality of 1851 with respect to the place, the palace, the regal personages, and the periods of the year is singular enough. It is one of

[1] *The Palace of Glass and the Gathering of the People.*

the remarkable exploits of thought which appear sometimes in the form of reproductions of the past, and sometimes in the form of anticipations of the future—exhibiting the counterpart of far distant things, now on the page of history, then in poetic strains, and again in the records of science; likenesses between what has been and what is apparently without any connection whatever, likenesses which baffle the effort to explain the law of their occurrence, and which seem to indicate the existence of unfathomable sympathies between minds in ages present and remote, and suggest to us yet once more the oft-told truth that "there are more things in heaven and earth than are dreamed of in our philosophy."'

There are also several extracts from Spenser, but I will only give the one from the 'Ruins of Time,' which seemed to my grandmother a prophecy of the destruction of the beautiful Crystal Palace.

Why then doth flesh, a bubble-glass of breath,
Hunt after honour and advancement vain,
And rear a trophy for devouring death
With so great labour and long-lasting pain,
As if his days for ever should remain?
Sith all that in this world is great or gay
Doth as a vapour vanish and decay!

To tell the beauty of my buildings fair,
Adorned with purest gold and precious stone,
To tell my riches and endowments rare,
To tell my forces, matchable to none,

Were but lost labour that few would believe,
And with rehearsing would me more aggrieve.
Sure gates, sweet gardens, stately galleries,
Wrought with fair pillars and fine imageries,
All those—oh pity! now are turned to dust,
And overgrown with black oblivions rust.

My grandmother was very fond of Spenser's writings. She says: 'I like the old English writing so much. Spenser, in sending the "Fairy Queen" to Sir Walter Raleigh, says: "Thus much, Sir, I have briefly overrun to direct your understanding to the well-head of the history, that from thence gathering the whole intention of the Conceit, ye may, as in a handful, gripe all the Discourse, which otherwise may haply seem tedious and confused." Delicious passage! and how I wish half the writers of the day would learn to "gripe their discourses into handfuls"!'

CHAPTER XXII

Chiswick—Castle Howard and Lady Granville's life there—'Coup d'État' of Louis Napoleon—Lord Palmerston turned out of the Government—Lord Granville appointed Foreign Minister.

In August and September 1851 Lady Granville was at Chiswick, and her book contains a pretty little water-colour drawing of the large cedars on the lawn, with the text from Psalm xlviii.:

'Praise the Lord upon Earth . . . fruitful trees and all cedars. . . . Praise the Lord,' and these words: 'And I am here! living again through all my life's farewells,' followed by a quotation from Mrs. Hemans:

. . . whose green oaks and cedars round me close,
All save the thoughts and images of those before us gone.

Yet Lady Granville soon began to enjoy her time at Chiswick, and its library was a great resource to her. She seems at this time to have dipped into John Drayton's works, and to have found in them a passage which she applies to 'my adorable sister:'

'It charms you like a pleasant song to look at her fair old age. Her eyes so clear, blythe, and life-loving.'



Walter L. Wells, Ph. Sc.

Harriet Elizabeth Georgiana, Duchess of Sutherland.

From a painting by Winterhalter.



Elizabeth Gunning Duchess of Hamilton
From a painting by Reynolds

On October 6 Lady Granville is at Castle Howard, and, as usual, much interested in all her relations there. She writes:

'Pretty thoughts about children in the "Winter's Tale," like George Howard[1] and Lorne.[2]

It is a gallant child, one that . . . makes old hearts fresh.

Two lads, that thought there was no more behind,
But such a day to-morrow as to-day.

Knew not
The doctrine of ill-doing—no, nor dreamed
That any did.'

And again I find the following description from the 'Faerie Queene,' which she applies to the Duchess of Sutherland, one of Lady Carlisle's daughters.

She was a woman in her freshest age,
Of wondrous beauty and of bounty rare,
With goodly grace and comely personage,
That was on earth not easie to compare.
Full of great love, but Cupid's wanton snare
As Hell she hated, chaste in work and will.

. . . . . .

A multitude of babes about her hong,
Playing their sportes that joyd her to behold;

. . . . . .

[1] Son of Hon. Charles Howard, succeeded his uncle as Earl of Carlisle in 1889.

[2] Now Duke of Argyll.



Lady Constance Grosvenor,
afterwards Duchess of Westminster.
From a miniature by Therburn.

I do not identify the poet from whom she has taken this modernised version of Chaucer. It is neither from Pope nor Dryden. On the same page is a pencil drawing of Lady Constance by her aunt, Lady Caroline Lascelles.

After short visits to Rushmore and to her own house in Upper Brook Street, Lady Granville returned to Castle Howard, and in December she writes from thence to the Duchess of Beaufort as follows:

Saturday evening.

'What you call a stupid note gave me the greatest pleasure. I do long to talk to you again about the variety of subjects of interest that arise every day. I have been much interested about geology, what I thought a dry study, and what Miller, a celebrated Scotch writer, makes amusing as well as instructive. You must, I am sure, have heard much of him. Carlisle is arrived, which is an unspeakable pleasure to us all. I shall describe my *to-morrow* on Monday.

'Monday.—My sister was not at all fatigued after the morning service in the chapel yesterday. In the afternoon Mr. Hodgson preached. . . . On our return home Carlisle, the Duke of Argyll, Duchess of Sutherland, my sister, and I had a most interesting conversation, chiefly on the subject of prophecy. Did I dream it? or did you recommend

to me a recent work on the subject? At half past nine Carlisle read to us a magnificent sermon of Melvill's on St. Paul's addressing the saints of Nero's household. You can have no idea of how impressive this evening meeting is, with the great number of household and of *us*, my sister able to be present, in the large Marble Italian Hall.'

Here follows a very rough pen-and-ink drawing of the said Hall.

In another letter, probably written while on the same visit, Lady Granville says of the Duke and Duchess of Argyll:

'I am captivated with the small Scotch species, unlike any people but their own beautiful little children. The little Duke is all full of cleverness and goodness, natural to a degree that must often make him offend, but as quickly disarmed. Elizabeth is most excellent and sensible.'

The Howard family were great correspondents, and wrote much to each other and to friends, and Lady Granville's book contains at this time many extracts from private letters. Thus she says: 'After talking of Grote's "History of Greece," Emily Eden writes: "I am come to an age at which I cannot tamper with my spelling—it is shaky already."'

Lady Granville's own letters at this epoch are very interesting. It was the exciting moment of

Louis Napoleon's famous *coup d'état*, and she was hearing much of the opinions about it both in England and at Paris. In a letter from Castle Howard to Lady G. Fullerton, dated December 9, she writes:

'No news to-day except that all is quiet. Lady Douglas writes from Paris that if the fighting had lasted longer the President would have gone himself to the Faubourgs. Luckily, this proof of courage was not made necessary. I say luckily, because I think France, and therefore Europe, would be *sotto-sopra* if anything happened to the President. Everybody was charmed to hear of Thiers in prison. From George:[1] "I hope you are very angry with Louis Napoleon, in spite of the clever style in which he foiled all those generals at their own weapons. The papers to-day say little Thiers is let out again. I wish they had carried him about in a cage."

. . . . . .

'Somebody asked Madame de Lieven what could put her in such ecstasies. She said: "Cela me donnera le temps de balayer mon Salon."

'10th.—I go on with extracts from Freddy[2] just received: "It is true that Joinville and Aumale are gone to Belgium, but they will probably not attempt to cross the French frontier when they find the turn things have taken. All the Red Party here except

[1] Mr. Stewart. [2] Hon. F. Leveson Gower.

Caussidière and Ledru-Rollin have left England. The indignation against the President is certainly on the increase in London." . . . He says the exasperation amongst the *bourgeoisie* is very great, that the brutality of the soldiers was horrible. They threw women and children out of the windows where firing had taken place.'

On December 11 Lady Granville writes again:

'From Freddy's letter to-day—at the risk of your hearing it all from him and others—"Peace restored—the Provinces adhering to the Government—dinner at Bruton Street,[1] the Bulwers, Morpeth, and Charles Greville in the evening (Freddy warms against the President when he meets with his admirers, and sides with C. Greville, who equally dislikes the idea of his success or failure). Two letters in very different senses, one from Pahlen, full of frantic abuse of the French and the President, and lamenting the quasi-paternal *rôle* of Flahault; the other from Marion Ellice, very graphic and amusing, but very Elysean, saying there was no other course to pursue, that the Chambers were becoming more objectionable than the Rouges, and that these events are undoubted proofs of an Orleanist conspiracy. M. Roger du Nord wrote to the Duchess of Orleans with a message from Thiers and Changarnier, begging her to be

[1] 16 Bruton Street, Lord Granville's house in London.

in readiness, as the President would immediately be in Vincennes, and the army could be relied on. Mme. Roger is in despair, being aware of the reality of the plot. Mme. Thiers is gone to join her husband. Mme. Dosne, her mother, is dying. Molé and Broglie are quite satisfied and will be quiet, considering they have done enough for their dignity. The representatives at Mt. Valérien are very gay, Eugène Sue dramatising for them. Marion thinks Flahault has acted well and nobly. Mme. de F. and her daughter much agitated. Lady Shelburne anti-President. M. Roger's servant sold his letter to E. de Girardin, who gave it to the Government."'

Of course Lady Granville was much pleased at her son, Lord Granville, succeeding Lord Palmerston as Foreign Minister. She writes thus to Lady G. Fullerton on December 24:

'I wonder if this will be the first notice of all that appears to me like a dream. Freddy says: "Little J. has turned out P. for having vehemently approved of the President without consulting the Court. The post is offered to Lord Clarendon—in the event of his refusal to be offered to Leveson. I have advised him to accept. It is great luck the ground of removal being so popular a one." Marie writes: "P. is out! what a good riddance! J'ai peur qu'il ne rentre par la fenêtre. I am excited,



Walter L. Wells, Ph. Sc.

Harriet Elizabeth Georgiana, Duchess of Sutherland.

From a painting by Winterhalter.

dans mon âme et m'entend penser," and kneel to Him who alone knows all. . . .

'Mrs. F. O.[1] writes: "I found Puss[2] rather hurt at my not having come several days sooner. He is as well as possible, immensely busy all day long and all the evening till two in the morning, then sleeps like a top. Yesterday he saw poor P., who received him in the most friendly manner, talked over all foreign Courts, seemed quite ready to give him all the information in his power, and told him to write to him should he want more. He was very cordial, and put shy Puss quite at his ease. . . . Puss gets through all the different duties of his new position with perfect ease. Freddy is to be his précis writer, Spencer Ponsonby his private secretary. None of the Under Secretaries' places are yet filled up (Lord Stanley of Alderley gave up his place)."'

On January 3, 1852, Lady Granville copies for Lady G. Fullerton from a letter of the Hon. Emily Eden to Lord Carlisle:

'I have not seen many people, but a few good pigeons pick up a great many peas, so have I heard quantities of opinions.

'Without the slightest respect to your feeling of

[1] My grandmother seems to have fancied that the letters she wrote abroad would be opened, and therefore writes enigmatically. By Mrs. F. O. (Foreign Office) she means young Lady Granville.

[2] Lord Granville.

And on her head she wore a tyre of gold,
Adornd with gemmes and owches wondrous fayre,
Whose passing price uneath[1] was to be told.
. . . . . .

She instructed her knight

In everie good behest,
Of Love ; and Righteousness ; and Well to donne.

And later on I find some lines applied to the Duchess's beautiful daughter Constance, afterwards Duchess of Westminster:

Beyond whate'er paternal wish could crave,
Indulgent Heaven a peerless infant gave.
. . . . . .
Youth without folly, greatness without pride,
And all that's firm to all that's sweet allied.
There sits the chaste, the placid, and the meek,
And morn shines fair upon her open cheek.
Babes learn distinction from Constantia's sight,
And withered age revives to strange delight.
Tumultuous wishes breathe along her way,
Hands rise, tongues bless, and centering eyes survey.
All run to bend the voluntary knee,
The blind to hear her, and the deaf to see ;
Oh! were she born to universal sway,
How gladly would the willing world obey !

Under these lines Lady Granville has written 'Chaucer,' and in a footnote she says : 'The Man of Lawes Tale is taken with very little variation from Gower, an ancestor of the Stafford family.'[2]

[1] Scarcely.

[2] He was not, strictly speaking, an ancestor, but collaterally allied to the Stafford family.



"shall," grow. We shall see. Cardwell was to have joined, but I hear he says he went to Liverpool to try and get elected, failed, and fears he cannot take office. D. Milnes (violently late Foreign Offician) has just returned from B.,[1] where he left him shooting and playing at billiards. My dear, "Il rentrera par la fenêtre!" I wonder if you will like as much as I do a sentence in a letter of the Duchess of Sutherland's this morning: "One wishes that all office should be seen as something much higher than politics, as the talent committed! as almost never lost, just as religion is higher than theology." It is to me the *va tout* of the game, and how wonderfully little it is brought into the shaking of the dice and (alas!) shuffling of the cards!'

On Jan. 6, 1852, Lady Granville writes again to Lady Georgiana. She says:

'My letter will be staler than the stale, but I know you don't mind. To-day F.[2] says, "I go to Wrest[3] for three nights. F. O.[4] had not a doubt about my going. I am in excellent spirits about him, as I think he does his work most admirably, not a line or a word or an act that are not judicious." I have such an odd luck about finding passages,

[1] Broadlands, Lord Palmerston's country seat.
[2] Frederic Leveson. [3] Lord Cowper's place.
[4] Lord Granville.

things that startle me like dreams coming true. I came to my room yesterday, head and heart full of L. and F.[1]; and *almost* opened (that is, soon came) upon, "When she came home, she concealed from her sons what she had learned,

> But evermore, when she fit time could find,
> She warned them to tend their safeties well,
> And love each other dear, whatever them befell."'[2]

Early in January Lady Granville returned to her house in Upper Brook Street and writes again from thence to Lady G. Fullerton. She says:

'The Babes in office are charming. The careful, thoughtful (though very happy) one is Precious.[3] F. O.[4] looks twelve years old, not a feather on his back or a pebble in his path; yet no presumption, no conceit. The pith of it, "I have hard work to do, and I like it." . . . I am warned that all letters are read. I defy anybody to understand mine—and if they do?'

There are constant allusions to politics in the letters of this time. Lady Georgiana was abroad, and her mother evidently wished to keep her *au fait* of all that was interesting people in England, and all that was being said or thought. In one letter dated February 13, 1852, she says:

[1] Her two sons. [2] Craik's *Spenser and his Poetry*.

[3] She calls Mr. Leveson this because he is précis writer to his brother.

[4] Foreign Office, *i.e.* Lord Granville.

'The motto of to-day is "Lord C. wounded the Government, Lord Grey dispatched it."' In another of March 15:

'What people are most full of is the fear, not of war—that is blowing over—but riot in the country. Farmers are furious. Mr. Sturt[1] stands for the county of Dorsetshire. The Free Traders think his success will be everything for them.

'What is the great disappointment of the year? The appointment of Dis. "Louis Napoléon veut l'Empire, mais le pays en rit" (Henri). All agree that Lord Derby's was the finest, most magnificent speech ever delivered – all differ as to the results. Gladstone and Sir J. Graham spoke admirably. . . . March 17. As to opinions and assertions, every new person asserts and contradicts, exactly contrary ones every new hour. The late F. O.[2] is now a firm friend, ready to be Chancellor of the Exchequer in a Whig Cabinet. Gladstone has committed himself to be with Lord Derby the moment he gives up Protection, agreeing with him on all other points.'

Lady Granville seems to have moved about a good deal during this year (1852), and writes from various places. Thus from Cliveden, the Duke of Westminster's place on the Thames, she writes on June 23:

[1] Henry Sturt, father of the present Lord Alington.
[2] Foreign Office Minister, *i.e.* Lord Palmerston.

'This is certainly the most beautiful place I ever saw in my life. Shake up together Fontainebleau, St. Anne's Hill, forests, winding, narrow, distant Thames, looking more like Seine, bathe the whole with sun, and shower rhododendrons, you can fancy it. . . . I feel the difficulty of writing every day greater as you come nearer. How impossible it is to write! One cracks the shells, and perhaps digests the nuts; but who can (but in speaking) define and split the thousand intimate and entangled fibres?'

CHAPTER XXIII

Lady Granville's delineations of character—The American Minister and his family at Castle Howard.

On the 15th or 16th of August Lady Granville returned to Castle Howard and wrote many letters from there. That she had not lost the power of delineation of character which appears in her published letters is evidenced by the following description of one of the guests at Castle Howard, of whom she writes thus:

'C. poses all day long in different characters, suited to her conception of each. To Freddy[1] deferential, awe-struck, refined homage. To Mary[2] imaginative, inquiring, professing adoration, culte of large eyes, genius describing herself as "a weasel, small, red, agile, fallen like a sea-horse." To Miss C. (rather by her) she stands a small evangelical creature. It is irresistibly droll, rather wearying. Edward[3] is very much afraid of her, he don't think her quite real, expects her to glide across her path or

[1] Probably Lord F. Leveson Gower. [2] Lady Mary Howard.
[3] Hon. Edward Howard, afterwards created Lord Lanerton.

vanish when one is speaking to her. I am come to the conclusion that there is no harm in her. It is egotism and absurdity run to seed, but the soil not vicious.'

In a subsequent letter Lady Granville gives another amusing description of the same lady :

'I value C. more and more every day. "Amo, col difetto suo" never was so complied with. Character, understanding, affections, all so excellent. It is only aiming a little too high with insufficient weapons, and working out the enthusiastic romance to which looks and destiny never gave an outlet, but it is only something added on to the real thing. She is the woman at church, the mother gazing with intense love on her children, the admirer of "immortalised affections." Honi soit qui mal y pense—and how odd it is! with my sister and myself (whom it does not suit) it is wearing off every day—in three weeks she will be natural. Not but that we both are fond of flights, but it's remarkably necessary to us that they should be on real wings.'

Early in September 1852 Lady Granville went with Lady Carlisle to Naworth, Lord Carlisle's beautiful place in Cumberland, and from thence again to Castle Howard, where she met Mr. Lawrence, the American Minister, with his wife and son and daughter. She thus describes them in her letters :

'They are the most American specimens I have yet seen. Mr. L. raves of Leveson. The son

seems intelligent, but is deaf; the girl exceedingly pretty—like Czarinski, Mme. Apponyi, Mrs. Bruce, and more than all poor little Mrs. Coxe, only infinitely prettier than either. She plays extremely well on the pianoforte. They are all good-humoured and as easily pleased as it is possible to be.'

In another letter Lady Granville writes:

'Miss L. is a beauty, of whom her mother said, in bringing her to England, "She will most certainly *conjugate* there;" which was told to Lady Emily de Burgh, who answered, "What is certain is that she will not *decline*."'

CHAPTER XXIV

Marriage of Hon. F. L.-Gower—Mrs. Beecher Stowe—Life at Castle Howard—Visits to Bournemouth and Wilbury.

DURING the spring of 1853 Lady Granville was very much engrossed with family interests. She was much pleased at the marriage of her son Frederic to Lady Margaret Compton, which took place on June 1 of that year. And at the same time her eldest granddaughter Susan Pitt was making her *début* in society, and she and Lady Rivers were in Lady Granville's house in London. Her private letters are largely on these topics. She, however, alludes to other subjects of interest. She gives a graphic account of Mrs. Beecher Stowe, who visited England at this time and was cordially welcomed by many, especially by the Howard family.

'Mrs. Beecher Stowe dined with seventeen Howards and Helps yesterday (a very extensive family, as her American friend observed). They say she is a pleasing, quiet woman, perfectly impossible for any thing or body to make a fuss about her, or any apparent impression on her, ready to listen or talk.

Mary said to Helps, "I know there is genius, but one don't see it; she is absorbed and essenced into the great object of her life." Lady Dover said: "One should have taken her for a Scotch minister come up from his manse buttoned up to the chin in a shapeless black dress. She does not get up when spoken to or introduced to, most quietly puts out her hand, offends no one," but the pictorial and effect-seeking must be at a deadlock.'

On July 9 Lady Granville went to Castle Howard to be with her sister. Lord Carlisle was making a tour in the East, and she seems to have kept up an active correspondence with him during this time. Some of the letters are worth quoting for the graphic account she gives of her surroundings. Thus on July 23 she writes:

'We read—we write out, we look at prints and maps—in short, live upon your vivid and unspeakably interesting proceedings, but my business to-day is to put a map before you. I pity you for not seeing Castle Howard—never was it in such beauty. The fountain[1] is an emotion. I think its only drawback is that it deserves and calls for more. You *must* prolong its entourage. I think even in its unfinished state it is of surpassing beauty, but you would like also to see your adorable mother.

[1] Lord Carlisle had lately put up a fountain in the garden at Castle Howard, of which there is a pretty pen-and-ink vignette drawing pasted in one page of Lady Granville's manuscript book.

She is so well, so serene, and enjoys all you do and see with that wonderful elasticity of mind which is a constant wholesome excitement, without mischief or fatigue. I am constantly drawing pictures for you in my mind—the little pony carriage, Liz [1] our guardian angel, Francis [2] in a black flat fez, such roses as were never before seen. . . . If you could know how I sit upon that bench (against the kitchen garden wall), thinking nothing of Therapia in comparison. . . . The cheap excursion trains enchant me. They sit about with their baskets of provisions as if it were the Bois de Boulogne, and the Methodist schools sing hymns beautifully. One lady from Wakefield told me it was all very fine, but that she had looked in vain for Lord Carlisle's picture—that was the thing she should have liked to see. And now God bless you. How enchanting some of your moments must have been! I hope the bags will have delivered their full contents. This is only a puff of Castle Howard air.'

In a subsequent letter she writes:

'Charles [3] had a royal-looking landing at the new station at Slingsby, my sister and Liz in the barouche, Drew on guard, George [4] on his pony, I on a large stone. Glorious, beautiful day—we had to wait there

[1] Lady Elizabeth Grey. [2] Hon. and Rev. Francis Grey.
[3] Hon. Charles Howard.
[4] Probably George Howard, now Lord Carlisle.

twenty minutes. He raves of the beauty of the new line from Carlisle so much that I am half tempted to lark up and down it. Your letters are the dissipation of our lives—the Troad one is delicious. Mrs. Lock is coming to-day. I am out about five hours a day, always meet Meyer and the magnificent dogs on our drives, and I repeat the French proverb, which I found in a book in your room, "Il n'y a si bonne compagnie qui ne se quitte, comme disait Dagobert à ses chiens" . . . Such an evening! If I were a Turk, I would leave my country to come and look at Castle Howard.'

The next letter worth quoting is a copy by Lady Granville of one she had received from Lady Georgiana Fullerton, who was then at Paris:

'To-day we go with Freddy to see "Le fils de famille," which is reckoned a wonderful specimen of good acting. Last night we were at Madame de Lieven's, and I just missed seeing the person most talked of in Paris at this moment. She was in the room when I came in. You remember the two little girls. The dark one has married the Duc d'Alba, and the fair one is the person in question. She is beautiful and piquante, and the Emperor is desperately in love with her. . . .

'Mme. de Lieven and the Duc de Montebello were saying that he had much better marry her, "qu'une grande d'Espagne valait bien une petite princesse

allemande," that marrying a beautiful woman for love would be much more popular with the lower orders in France than a stiff royal marriage, that Pierre le Grand "avait bien épousé une servante d'auberge." I cannot make out to my own satisfaction anything about the present state of things here —how far the Emperor is popular with *any* class, how near *every* class may not be to adherence. That he spends enormously is certain, but that he administrates admirably is also acknowledged. A clever man (not a Frenchman) said to me yesterday : "C'est une comédie—bonne tant qu'elle dure—ce serait mal de la siffler, mais le rideau tombera bientôt." I do not feel so sure of that, however ; at least during his life they will not make any change. *That* every one seems to feel.'

Lady Granville did not remain continuously at Castle Howard during Lord Carlisle's absence, for she was at Bournemouth in September, and at one time paid a visit to Wilbury, a house in Wiltshire which Mr. Fullerton rented for a time. This place, without having any decided beauty, had a special charm of its own, and my grandmother describes the 'Road from Wilbury to Amesbury' (a neighbouring town) by quoting these words :

> Calm and deep peace on this high wold,
> And on the dews that drench the furze—

and adds, And give to the air such a peculiar

aromatic, herby perfume that I should like to carry it about with me in a sachet.'

At Bournemouth, on September 10 of this year, Lady Granville had an alarming experience, which she thus relates:

'I felt very unwell on the morning of that day. The doctor told me that I had taken a dangerous medicine of a poisonous nature, asked me if I felt loss of power, numbed, &c. I was made foolishly nervous, could not control very strong agitation, and felt it difficult to calm myself for my daily reading. The Psalm for the day was as follows (I do not consider if such peculiar coincidences are sent or not, but I accept them as undeserved blessings, and as everything else around and within me, "Light in the Darkness"): "They were afraid where no fear was. . . . My heart is disquieted within me, and the fear of death is fallen upon me, and an horrible dread hath overwhelmed me. I will call upon God, and the Lord shall save me. In the evening and morning and at noonday will I pray, and that instantly, and He shall hear my voice. . . . Oh cast thy burden upon the Lord."'

These anxious thoughts must soon have passed away, for I find from a letter to the Duchess of Beaufort written at this time that she was, as usual, very happy at Bournemouth, and keenly enjoying its beauty. She describes thus a Sunday passed there:

'I went to two services, the morning one, and at four heard the children of the school examined. Between these I took the New Testament to my bench on the beach, and read all the texts of Him who walked by and on that ever beautiful and wonderful miracle—the sea. It looked yesterday like a blue diamond on fire, so sparkling and vivid was its hue and brilliancy.'

Of politics Lady Granville writes to the Duchess from London in the winter of 1853: 'They seem to me just now very sad and perplexing. I suppose war is inevitable, but, bad or good, nothing seems to me to last, and to-day is never followed by to-morrow in one's speculations upon men or nations.' Then she adds quaintly: 'One certain thing is that it is beginning to snow this evening, which is, I think, only a pretty thing in the country, but most vexatious in London, making life impossible in all little daily concerns. I hope you do not suffer from the intense cold.'

Among the interesting extracts in Lady Granville's book dated 1853 are the following:

'Levatur enim omnis cura, cum aut constitit consilium, aut cogitando nihil explicatur; lamentari autem licet.'

'L'inquiétude cesse, ou lorsqu'on a pris son parti, ou lorsqu'on est las de se tourmenter inutilement. Je me contente donc de gémir, et cela depuis le matin jusqu'au soir.'

On these extracts Lady Granville comments thus:

'The same conviction with a different result: "Then David arose from the earth, and washed and anointed himself, and changed his apparel, and came into the House of the Lord."'

During this year, though I cannot identify the exact date, Lady Granville had the sorrow of losing a little Blenheim spaniel which had belonged to her husband, and to which she was consequently devoted. She writes thus to her son Frederic: 'My poor beloved little Tyber is dead: "not wisely, but too well;" but I do not *make* a sorrow when blessings are so showered on me.'



WILLIAM SPENCER, SIXTH DUKE OF DEVONSHIRE, K.G., &c.
(From a Lithographic Portrait by Baugniet)

CHAPTER XXV

Lenten resolutions—The Duke of Devonshire has a paralytic stroke—Lady Granville's subsequent devotion to him—Death of the Dowager Duchess of Beaufort—Lady Granville's correspondence with her.

THE first entry dated 1854 is

'Duties of Lent.

'Simplicity in prayer. Secrecy in alms. Abstinence. Charity in speech and judging. Daily Prayer. Contentment and struggle against anxiety. Social duties. Repentance for the past. Submission to the present. All in His hands for the future.

'H. GRANVILLE.'

In Lent 1856 she repeats the same resolutions, with the characteristic addition, 'And ditto every day of our lives.'

The year 1854 was in many ways a sad one. Early in the year the Duke of Devonshire had a paralytic stroke, after which he was never able to use his right hand. With great energy he began as soon as possible to learn to write with the left hand. Lady Granville has pasted into one of her books

his attempts at writing the Lord's Prayer in this way on June 8, 1854, and on some subsequent days in the same year; and near it the successful result of these endeavours with the date June 8, 1857. Besides the English version there is a Latin one and a French one, both written in the same way, the latter signed 'H. Granville.' On March 31, 1856, Lady Granville relates how the Duke had told her on June 24, 1854, that he had begun doing this every morning, and that she herself had then begun the same practice, had continued it ever since, and meant to go on with it till her death, when she had desired that the book should be sent to him. After she had mastered the power of left-hand writing, she began adding to the Lord's Prayer on each Sunday a short passage or prayer from a variety of sources. Lady Granville carefully kept this book, never failing to write in it daily till the Duke's death on January 17, 1858, on which date she writes in it for the last time:

> No hearts beat echoless if they believe
> A more than brother in that heaven is theirs,
> Who loves them most when all alone they grieve,
> And with His incense doth perfume their prayers.[1]

From the time of his paralytic stroke until his death Lady Granville devoted herself very much to her brother in every way.

[1] Montgomery.



Charlotte Sophia, Dowager Duchess of Beaufort.

From a painting by Sir Francis Grant, P.R.A.



Charlotte Sophia Dowager Duchess of Beaufort.
From a painting by Mr. Francis Grant, P.R.A.

In August 1854 Lady Granville was at Rushmore, and there the news reached her of the death of her sister-in-law, the Dowager Duchess of Beaufort, and the constant correspondence between them of many years' standing thus came to a close. They had always met occasionally, but their friendship was even more constantly kept up by the letters which they so frequently wrote to each other. A few of my grandmother's I have already quoted. This may not be an unfitting place in which to give other extracts from them. As usual, they are undated. As we have seen before, Lady Granville thoroughly enjoyed her long visits to Rushmore, and was much interested in the life there, which she often describes very graphically. The neighbourhood of Rushmore is very hilly, and to be 'snowed up' was not an unusual experience in winter. In two letters, written when this was nearly the case, Lady Granville gives an account to the Duchess of the church-going of the family. In the first she says:

'Rivers drove his two eldest girls and four maids in the van to church. Susan remained to read the service at home. So deep was the snow that in returning home the traces broke, the van ditto, and they were all obliged to run home.'

The next Sunday's proceedings Lady Granville again describes:

'I must send you an exemplification of the proverb

"Where there's a will there's a way." I told you of the broken van. The distress was great. The church is a mile and a half from the house. Fanny Pitt is the organist, and the maids the principal part of the choir. There was question of a note to the clergyman. Fanny (an intrepid girl) undertook to manage matters, and from my window I saw the departure. The brougham came to the door, into it got Fanny and three maids, two maids mounted the box on each side of my coachman, and Rivers's coachman sat along the board at their feet to take out the snow when it balled—eight in all.

'The clergyman came to Fanny after the service to return very grateful thanks. I own I was relieved when I saw them back again, but there is a simplicity and energy in all their doings here that make me the only person ever surprised at anything. I venture to boast to you, as I am not obliged with you to think of the Italian proverb,

T' è caro il ben che godi?
Guarda con chi lo lodi.[1]

You see I have been reading Trench on the Proverbs, though I did not find this last there. *Pray* get it.'

Lady Granville seems to have written to the Duchess every Monday, and therefore constantly

[1] If the good you enjoy is dear to you,
Take care to whom you praise it.

describes her Sundays at Rushmore. Thus in one letter, after alluding to the health of her grandsons, whose delicacy was a constant source of anxiety to their parents, she continues :

'Susan is adorable, her mind so well balanced, "rejoicing in hope," but never did I see such entire submission, a life so guided by "Thy will be done." . . . Yesterday we had, besides the evening reading, the afternoon service read by Susan, and a most beautiful sermon of the Bishop of Lincoln [1] on the Christian's Hope, the girls and maids singing very delightfully after the service.

A great many of the letters either discuss books or more frequently give an account of the sermons Lady Granville has heard. Her comments upon them are always original. Thus she writes of an author named Thurlock :

'Such authors as Thurlock ought to be kept out of sight and mind. I wrote in pencil at the end of the book :

> What he knows—wonderful ;
> What he describes—beautiful ;
> What he induces ?

This is just my feeling, founded upon an ignorance that is so very great that it is difficult to waken it up into knowledge. I think the great American fault is to pronounce too positively upon

[1] Bishop Jackson, afterwards Bishop of London.

all subjects. "Arrogance" seems to me the word. They never "fear to tread." I do not mean Hitchcock, though perhaps, I think, *he* drives religion and geology with too even a rein.'

At this time Lady Granville was delighted with 'Trench on the Study of Words,' and alludes to it again and again. In one letter she says:

'It *is* R. C. Trench who wrote the little book upon the use of words, and I have just been writing to Susan and Mrs. Lamb to *command* (a word as well as another) them both to buy it.' In another: 'I have a number of most interesting books in hand: Miller's "Old Red Sandstone," which despite its title is too captivating, "Trench on the Study of Words," a curious little book on Comtesse Hahn Hahn's conversion.'

But most of Lady Granville's letters to the Duchess were about the sermons she has been hearing. These are of less general interest, but some accounts of them are worth quoting.

Of a sermon of Mr. Boone's she writes thus:

'This third sermon on miracles, a full answer it appears to me to all the absurdities of *modern* Catholicity, which seem to me (on their part) an inexplicable attempt to return to the darker ages with all that then made Reformation necessary, and a most eloquent and striking denunciation of those who endeavour to prop up their creed by aiming at the groundwork of all religion.'

In the same letter Lady Granville writes touchingly of some anxiety which the Duchess seems to have been experiencing at this time:

'*Yes*, when I first heard of this new trial to your angelic daughter, I almost said aloud "One of the chastened," with all of soothing and full of hope that is annexed and promised to that unfathomable dispensation.'

On one occasion Lady Granville writes:

'Snow falling perpetually, and the streets like a sheet of ice, make London (as one says of people) "difficile à vivre." Yesterday I did contrive to get to St. George's in the morning, and heard a most beautiful sermon of Mr. Howarth's on the New Year. The fly was crammed with my household, and we came home forgetting the drifting snow and stumbling horse, never, I hope, to forget the impression made. Excepting this, I have hardly left my room; it is such a permitted luxury to idleness to be shut up in it.'

But although my grandmother must have missed the constant intercourse of so many years, there was nothing of bitterness in this passing away after a long life of one so religious and good, and my mother writes shortly after the Duchess's death to one of her daughters thus: 'You know her[1] deep feeling for your dearest mother, but all thought of her is accom-

[1] Lady Granville's.

panied with such blessed recollections that grief for her is of the most soothing and blessed kind;' and a little printed leaflet headed 'Christian Love,' is pasted into Lady Granville's book, and opposite it she writes, 'Given me by the Duchess of Beaufort, who acted according to its dictates during a long and blessed life, beloved and revered by all.'

CHAPTER XXVI

Extracts from books—'Fittings in'—The Crimean War.

On November 10, 1854, Lady Granville is at Castle Howard, and writes thus:

'I am now going to make a slight difference in my way of keeping my "Half-hours." I shall each day make a point of making a stitch in what I call my mental embroidery—out of some book I read in the course of the day, some letter I receive, or some word I hear, thus making it at once a more regular employment and a diary of thought.

'H. Glle.

Just after writing the three last words I went downstairs to read one of Dewey's Essays to my sister. The following passage was in it. I am getting used to these wonderful (what shall I call them?) fittings-in. At first they startled me, but now only make me feel slightly superstitious, and curious to know if others meet with them as often as I do. "What work of man shall be brought into comparison with the work of God? I will speak of it in its simplest character—a thought—a bare

thought. And yet say what its power and mystery, comprehending, analysing everything, partaking of infinite attributes, clothing things with its own beauty, bringing themes and all things—Earth—Heaven—Eternity—within the possession of its momentary being. What can compare with what may be the wonder and the grandeur of a single thought?"'

From the time when Lady Granville made this resolution of 'A Diary of Thought,' her extracts are for some time dated. There are also frequent 'fittings-in,' as she calls them, but I will only note some of them.

There is one dated November 12, 1854, during the siege of Sebastopol: 'A soldier is one of a lawful, necessary, commendable, honourable profession. . . . Now, though many hate soldiers as the twigs of the rod war, . . . yet is their calling so needful that were not some soldiers we must be *all* soldiers, daily employed to defend our own, the world would grow so licentious. In offensive war the common soldier is not to dispute, but do his Prince's command. Otherwise Princes, before they levy an army of soldiers, must first levy an army of casuists and confessors to satisfy each scrupulous soldier in points of right to the war; and the most cowardly will be the most conscientious to multiply doubts eternally. Besides, causes of war are so complicated and perplexed, so

many things failing in the prosecution as may alter the original state thereof; and private soldiers have neither calling nor ability to dive into such mysteries. . . . He is contented though in cold weather his hands must be his own fire, and warm themselves with working, though he is better armed against the enemy than the weather, and his corslet is hotter than his clothes. . . . He pathetically endureth drought for desire of honour; and one thirst quencheth another.'[1]

And again on November 15 we read:

'It always seemed to me that (in any line, from author to sempstress) it was a mistake to pay people in advance for their work; of course allowing for cases of dire distress, and even then a slight additional relief may obviate the objection. A sentence of Forster's read by Carlisle yesterday evening out of the 'Quarterly Review' points out so exactly and forcibly what I mean:

'"These paltry advancements are a hopeless entanglement. They bar freedom of judgment on anything proposed, and escape is felt to be impossible. Some days, some weeks perhaps, have been lost in idleness or illness. The Future becomes a mortgage to the Past. Every hour has its want forestalled upon the labour of the succeeding hour, and Gulliver lies bound in Lilliput."'

[1] Fuller, *Holy and Profane State.*

At this time Lady Granville's comments on the books she is reading are frequent. After some extracts from Madame de Sévigné, she writes thus:

'I read other books sometimes, Madame de Sévigné always. Other writers carry me on, "toiling, rejoicing, sorrowing," as is their matter and my mood; with her only I feel, "I have been with her, and I am enchanted." It is perhaps the perfect ease and grace with which she distributes her powers that make them so unrivalled. She can, and does, say everything. For our amusement she is all the better for being neither a better nor a worse woman. Her reigning passion was one—apart from it she has no feeling, and does not pretend to any—an indefinable charm, a rare sagacity, exquisite discrimination, kindly satire and keen nonsense—all enable her to meet every demand upon her wonderful talent. It matters little if she has related a disaster or told me she has just blown her nose. "I have been with her and am enchanted."'

From Aubrey de Vere she has at this time two extracts as follows:

I sit upon the dull, grey shore,
And hear the infinite waters roar,
One mournful sound for evermore!

I lean upon a rock my breast,
I love its coldness—heart oppressed,
I love its hardness and its rest.

And:

> Be still, ye fevered nerves,
> Uplift thy patient eyes
> And calmly welcome all that God decrees.
> . . . . . .
> Nor sleep nor death repose so perfect gives
> As in complete entire submission lives.

But she comments thus upon his verses:

'What is the matter with this poet? I believe that he is not one. His feeling and his piety delight me. I do not think his verses affected, but they are forced. He forgets that "simplicity is power," frames sentences and adopts words that *jar*, an entire want of harmony and melody, yet I have seldom found passages upon which I lean with so much sympathy as those I have ventured to foreshorten and alter to-day.'

Here are some reflections again upon her Bible reading:

'"For Mine angel is with you, and I Myself caring for your souls."[1] Oh, but for entire trust in this magnificent text! and all would be banished from this world save submission, hope, and love. "Yet a little while." "My peace I give unto you." "Let not your heart be troubled, neither let it be afraid."—Lesson for the Day.'

There are similar thoughts from three authors which Lady Granville has brought together:

[1] Baruch vi.

'Mme. de Sévigné says: "Dieu est tout-puissant et fait tout ce qu'il veut; j'entends cela; il veut notre cœur, nous ne voulons pas le lui donner, voilà tout le mystère." Law (in his "Serious Call") says that the reason there are not more religious men in the world is that there are so few who wish it or intend it. Dewey says: "You must begin the work of self-culture resolutely and decidedly. You must enter upon the Christian path. To feel religion is comparatively easy; to form it into the very structure of our souls is quite another thing. The beginning must be made—what is never begun is never done—on that great resolve rests the burden of all human hope. . . . Upon the great deep of life a voyage is to be made, amidst winds and waves of passion, and through clouds and storms of temptation and difficulty the course must be held, and it will not be held if it is not firmly set. Certainly no man will make the voyage unless he is determined to make it."'

Lady Granville sums up these three quotations in these words: 'Jesus Christ says, "Come unto Me,"' and adds, 'Simplicity is power,' from Joseph Sortain.

Next comes a beautiful quotation from Mrs. Norton: 'Reader, I once saw a flower blow. It was a superb specimen of that glorious bulb, the amaryllis. Suddenly, a sharp sound as of the striking of a large

insect's wing against the glass made me gaze upwards. I saw it—I saw that daily and hourly miracle of nature in its act of completion. My flower blew—not as the rose blows, day by day, unfolding its soft leaves a little and a little more in gradual beauty—but suddenly with a glad start, flinging its deep rose-coloured leaves asunder, the heart of my young amaryllis lay bare to the light, and the sun saw a new worshipper on the strong green stem which daily drew light from his glory. It was the act of a moment—but no human hand, no skill, no art could have forced the shining petals back to their calyx. My flower had blown—to live the life of dumb loveliness, to look as it did then, fresh as the dew of the morning—and afterwards waning in its beauty to grow dimmer and more earthly, till a new and different compression should shrink those long pointed leaves, and bid them hang brown and withered from the cup which was their cradle and their grave.'

On this passage Lady Granville's comment is:

'Sad human flower, like her own beautiful amaryllis—in her early glory and her present blight! Yet a divine Hand may still force her back to what God alone can re-open for her. She has but to stretch forth hers and grasp it.'

On November 27 we have the following text: 'We ought to give the more earnest heed to the

things which we have heard, lest at any time we should let them slip,' from Heb. ii. 1, and Lady Granville comments: 'This verse of yesterday's afternoon service gives me the sanction I like best to find for my daily gleanings.'

Lady Granville was evidently very much engrossed at this time with Dewey's Essays, which we have before seen that she was reading aloud to Lady Carlisle. She writes on November 28:

'What Dewey says of Channing's preaching confirms to me what prevents so many of the most eloquent and clever men making the impression they ought upon their hearers, "He never seemed so much to enforce truth as to utter it," and how was this exemplified in the most sublime of examples! My fancy paints to me a picture . . . has any ancient or modern master ever dared the execution of it? When our adorable Redeemer "stooped down, and with His finger wrote on the ground as though He heard them not," then uttering, "Hath no man condemned thee? . . . neither do I. Go and sin no more."'

On the 29th she says: 'Another *fitting-in.* I found to-day what follows in Mrs. Jameson's 'Commonplace Book:' 'A celebrated German actress (who has quitted the stage for many years) told me that the parts she preferred to play were those that required no effort scarcely, as

Jesta in Thorwald's tragedy, 'Die Schuld.' Of the character of Jesta she said beautifully: 'Ich habe es nicht gespielt, ich habe es gesagt" (I did not play it, I uttered it).' On the same day she quotes from the Psalm of the day the words, 'Let my prayer be set forth in Thy sight as the incense, and let the lifting up of my hands be an evening sacrifice,' and says: 'I have always thought this the most beautiful and perfect definition of "Worship," and that the nearer one keeps to it the better one's chance of complying with the sacred command, "In spirit and in truth."'

Of Mrs. Jameson's 'Commonplace Book,' already quoted, she says: 'I am delighted with Mrs. Jameson's "Commonplace Book," but I like it better for all the thoughts she makes me think than for the way in which she tells her own. Yet it is a work all full of information, intelligence, and goodness. I talk eagerly to it all the time I am reading it.'

In her first two pages she laments over 'people haunted by the idea of self . . . always on their defence against compliments, or mistaking sympathy for compliments, which is as great an error as mistaking flattery for sympathy.' This she is 'inclined to attribute to a total want of simplicity.' It seems to her that we should all bring the best that is in us (according to the diversity of gifts which God has given us), if not to burn and enlighten, at least to rise in incense to Heaven. 'So will the pure and

unselfish do, and they will not heed if those who *can* bring nothing, or *will* bring nothing unless they blaze like a beacon, call out—"Vanity!"'

I have mentioned before Lady Granville's constant attendance at Daily Service, and the previous pages have shown the interest she took in sermons. In this connection it is interesting to read the following:

'I like to detect—to expose—to hate myself. I have just read the following text, "I was glad when they said unto me, We will go into the house of the Lord." How different my feeling is! How unequal above all—how *not* "founded on a rock"!

'Daily Service is to me—delight, refuge, strength, "sealed" for the day with the "earnest of the Spirit." To hear Mr. Alford at Quebec Chapel, Mr. Boone at Paddington, Mr. Cole at Shepherd's Bush, the services at Tollard, Morpeth, and in the Chapel at Castle Howard, when Francis Grey officiates, are pleasures unlike and beyond any others; but to go to Park Street, Audley Street (North and South), almost any afternoon service in London—what is it? A sense of duty, weariness, coldness, none of the sacred, hallowed feeling that should (and did to David) make all alike "glad to go," independent of the how, when, and where.'

The end of this year was a time of great anxiety on account of the Crimean war, and this is reflected

in many parts of Lady Granville's book. The siege of Sebastopol was going on at this time, and she writes thus of Lord Raglan : ' I cannot believe there is any one with " soul so dead " as not to think of Lord Raglan, with his lost right arm, in his 68th year! of his unshrinking and undaunted valour, without emotion. Denman's beautiful lines almost overcame me :

Great actions less from courage, strength, and speed,
Than from wise counsels and command proceed ;
Those arts age wants not which to age belong ;
Not heat, but cold experience makes us strong.
. . . . . .
When marching with his Foot, he walks till night ;
When with his Horse he never will alight ;
Though cold or wet, his head is always bare,
So hot, so dry, his aged members are.
You see how exercise and temperance
Even to old years a youthful strength advance.
. . . . . .
Sir, have you known an action of such glory
Less swelled with ostentation, or a mind
Less tainted with felicity?
'Tis a rare temper.

There was some question of Lady Georgiana Fullerton's son having to go to the Crimea, and in allusion to this Lady Granville writes on December 10 :

' I told Georgy of my " fittings-in," and I find she has constantly the same little visitations, or

shocks—what shall I call them? Three days before the order came for her boy to go to the Crimea she had (after not having thought it, from the state of his health, very likely to be impending) a sudden panic, a sort of realisation of parting with him, that had never before taken so real a shape. . . . She felt it necessary to endeavour to shake it off, and took up the first book she found on the table, an American tale. She opened upon a motto taken for one of the chapters from Mrs. Hemans's 'Records of Women:'

His sunny childhood melted from my sight
Like a spring dewdrop, then his forehead wore
A prouder look, his eyes a keener light.
I knew these woods might be his home no more.
He loved me, but he left me! thus they go,
Whom we have reared, watched, blessed, too much adored!
He heard the trumpet of the Red Cross blow
And bounded forth. . . .[1]

Lady Granville's own feelings found, as always, an appropriate text: 'Upon the earth distress of nations, with perplexity; the sea and the waves roaring; men's hearts failing them for fear, and for looking after those things which are coming on the earth.'[2]

Every one was looking out for letters and telegrams, and Lady Granville quotes these lines by

[1] Granville Fullerton was unable to pass the medical examination for the Crimea, and after all remained in England.—Editor's note.

[2] St. Luke xxi.

Lady G. Fullerton, afterwards published in 'The Old Highlander and other Poems:'

TELEGRAPHS

They come, the messengers of fate!
  They come o'er sea and land,
Making their swift and silent way
  To an expecting strand.

The ruthless wire tells its tale
  Of glory and of death,
And the whole nation, like one man,
  Draws a convulsive breath.

Thousands of hearts hang on the words,
  Then—brace themselves to bear
The lengthened agony of days
  Of sickening hope and fear.

Waiting, as for the day of doom,
  For the still distant day
When the dread muster-roll of death
  Its pages will display.

CHAPTER XXVII

Lady Granville's visits to Brighton and Wilbury—Various anxieties and troubles—Life at Castle Howard—Formation of the new Ministry—Death of the Emperor of Russia—Fall of Sebastopol.

BRIGHTON was a place where Lady Granville had been much with her husband during his long illness, and was so full of memories of him that she shrank extremely from going thither again. But the Duke of Devonshire had a house there in Kemp Town, and she had become now such a resource to him in his comparative helplessness that she determined to make the effort of going to him there. But her commonplace book shows how great the effort was. As usual the Bible was her chief comfort, and her first extracts, dated 'Brighton 12' (December 1854), are 'The Sea is His and He made it' (Psalm xcv.), and 'Thou stillest the raging of the sea and the noise of his waves' (Psalm for the Day). Next comes :

Meanwhile others
Sat conversing together of past and present and future,
While Evangeline stood like one entranced, for within her
Olden memories rose, and loud in the midst of the music
Heard she the sound of the sea, and an irrepressible sadness
Came o'er her heart.

I opened Longfellow's poems at this passage whilst Coote [1] was playing in *that* room!'

The extracts from Brighton are so interesting, as expressing so much Lady Granville's own feelings at this time, that I quote them at length.

'December 13.—"Let Heaven and Earth praise Him, the sea and all that therein is" (Psalm for the Day).

'"I thought (with deep gratitude) of the contrast from carrying into the midst of the most glorious scenes of nature and the divinest creations of art perception dimmed and troubled with anguish, to move in the morning with aching and reluctance; to faint in the evening with weariness and pain; to feel all change, all motion, a torment to the deadened heart—all rest, all delay, a burthen to the impatient spirit—to shiver in the presence of joy, and have no sympathy for others' sufferings—and now, with a mind awakened into strength, restored health, feelings tamed, not dead, possessing my soul in quiet, not seeking, yet not shrinking from excitement, not self-engrossed." [2]

'I came to Him, weary and heavy-laden, and He gave me rest.'

'14th.—"I felt occasionally such distress of mind as it is not in my power to describe, and which I still look back upon with horror . . . but these

[1] The band-master. [2] Mrs. Jameson.

conflicts led me to think habitually of God, and though my feelings were then too full of terror, what remained of them was a deep reverence for divine things never to be effaced ; and a remembrance of what I felt in that state of ignorance and darkness gives me a peculiar sense of the value of religion of which I can give but an imperfect description to others," [1] and that is the reason why I dislike and avoid talking of religion to the good and the gay. What have they known of my bitterness, and how dare I "intermeddle with their joy" ?

'15th.—"The feelings die out when their objects come to an end ; and if there be no future, and the aims of life become shorter and shorter, and its treasures drop off, and its attractions are spent, and a few links only of its hours remain in the hand, well may there be no heart for effort and no eye for beauty ; and well may love gather itself up to die ; but—turn to Him who assures us that all that is loved shall live for ever, that that which is known shall enlarge for ever, that all which is felt shall grow intenser for ever, and the proximity to death will quicken instead of withering the mind." [2]

'16th.—"I remember the time past, therefore my heart within me is desolate . . . I stretch forth my hands unto Thee!"'[3]

But Lady Granville turns from remembrances

[1] Dr. Priestley. [2] Rev. J. Martineau. [3] Ps. cxliii.

of her own past sorrows to thoughts of the sick and wounded in a foreign land, and notices the coincidence of her having found in a hymn book on December 17 the text 'Come over and help us,'[1] and the lines

> Above each low delay
> No shadow dims her way,[2]

and on the Duke having given her on the same day the following extract from a letter he had received from Mrs. Nightingale, dated December 14, 1854, and speaking thus of her daughter:

'Every day we receive testimonies of her usefulness, which are very precious to us. We hear that General Bentinck writes that she has been known to spend eight hours upon her knees, dressing the wounds and giving consolation to the poor sufferers, and that they bless her as she passes up and down the wards. The chaplain, Mr. Sabine, writes: "She wins and rules every one, the most rugged melt before her gentle voice, and all seem glad to do her bidding." Mr. Bracebridge writes: "Florence has in this one week gained not only the love, but the confidence of all," and after that dreadful 5th of November, "We have now five miles of beds, and more than 3,000 patients. Florence sees four or five expire every day, and feels each one as if she had never seen a death-bed before, but these scenes of

[1] Acts xvi. 9. [2] Moore.

misery only make her say, 'It is good for us to be here.' We deeply feel that she is an instrument in God's Hand, and that He will uphold her, the noble qualities of the soldiers to whom her time is devoted being her immediate reward. Mr. S. G. Osborne says that their unflinching courage, patience, gratitude, and propriety of conduct he could scarcely have credited; and my daughter speaks of them as bearing pain and mutilation without a complaint, and dying without a groan. That God may shorten their trial must be the prayer of all."' (The last part of this extract is written with the left hand.)

On December 18, 'coming from Brighton to London,' Lady Granville quotes from 'Lesson for the Day:' 'Removing to and fro, behold! I was left alone. Yea, they may forget, but I will not forget thee,' and from 'Psalm for the Day,' 'In the multitude of the sorrows that I had in my heart, Thy comforts have refreshed my soul.'

But during the journey she amuses herself with lighter reading, and writes thus:

'I read in the train Huc's "Empire Chinois." I doat on the author and devour his books, not for the revolutions and the figures of the screens and teapots *en action*, but to find him himself. Courageous enough to tell all his fears, guileless enough to boast of his cunning, pious enough not to

be perpetually on the defensive, travelling like the Vicar of Wakefield, not like Don Quixote. Then she quotes, with her own occasional comments in brackets:

'Il nous semble que le cœur battait dans la poitrine plus vite que d'habitude; car nous savions qu'on allait nous faire subir un jugement par ordre de l'Empereur. Nous enverrait-on à Pékin, à Canton, ou bien dans l'autre monde? Il n'y avait certainement pas dans tout cela de quoi avoir peur; mais il était bien permis au milieu de cette incertitude d'éprouver un peu d'émotion . . . [Many of the former missionaries had been first tortured and then executed!] Quel drame que notre existence! Tous ces événements, tous ces souvenirs encombraient notre tête et s'y entassaient pêle-mêle; il y avait de quoi en devenir fou—entre les mains des Chinois! seuls sans amis, sans protection—sans secours—nous nous trompons —nous avions Dieu pour ami et protecteur. . . . Lorsqu'on prend le Seigneur pour appui on se trouve doué d'un courage incomparable . . . et là-dessus nous conclûmes qu'il y avait bien à nous tenir parfaitement tranquilles, et à laisser aller nos petites affaires (!?) suivant le bon plaisir de la Providence. [The next day they were asked to dinner at the Préfet's.] Nous nous assîmes à une table carrée, missionnaire contre missionnaire et préfet contre préfet; nous nous amusâmes longtemps avec des fruits,

des confitures et des sucreries . . . nous entendions dîner paisiblement et gaiement même, s'il y avait possibilité ; nous eûmes donc la malicieuse obstination de ne jamais nous placer sur le terrain où ils nous passaient le plus adroitement du monde ; quand ils croyaient nous saisir, nous leur échappions brusquement, en leur demandant si la récolte de riz avait été bonne, ou combien de dynasties comptait la monarchie chinoise. . . . Nous arrivâmes ainsi d'une manière très amusante à la fin du dîner, qui se termine, comme de raison, par le potage puisqu'il avait commencé par le dessert. [The Préfet then begins talking about former missions and states some false fact about a breviary.] Nous le regardâmes en souriant, car c'était plus poli que de lui dire : " Vous mentez." . . . Ce bonhomme avait eu l'amabilité de nous régaler d'un excellent dîner. Nous lui en fûmes très reconnaissants ; mais notre gratitude n'alla pas jusqu'à lui donner les renseignements qu'il espérait obtenir de nous [after digestion]. En cette situation tout exceptionnelle nous pouvions, Dieu aidant, nous présenter devant nos juges avec une grande sérénité d'esprit et de cœur [Everything was done to terrify them ; commanded to kneel, &c. &c., they calmly and steadily refused] ; cela devenait si plaisant que nous nous mîmes à causer entre nous ; nous nous communiquions nos petites impressions du moment, qui eussent bientôt finis par nous faire

perdre notre gravité, pour peu que cela se fût encore prolongé. . . . Comme on voit, ce terrible jugement prenait insensiblement une tournure on ne peut plus bénigne et amusante.' (In short, all end by doating on him; he tells his jokes, and how des 'rires inextinguibles éclatèrent dans l'assemblée,' and having been threatened with the rack, the Viceroy dismisses him with kind words, high testimonials, 'et un assez joli petit air de majesté.'

With reference to the Crimean war Lady Granville writes on December 19: 'What reading for the present moment is the lesson of this morning! What language but that of Isaiah can paint the fears, the hopes, and the refuge that all but overwhelm us? "Lift up your eyes to the heavens, and look upon the earth beneath. . . . Fear ye not the reproach of men, neither be ye afraid of their revilings. . . . Awake, awake, put on strength, O arm of the Lord; awake, as in the ancient days, in the generations of old. . . . I, even I, am He that comforteth you; who art thou, that thou shouldest be afraid of a man that shall die . . . and forgettest the Lord thy Maker, that hath stretched forth the heavens, and laid the foundations of the earth? . . . Thou hast drunken the dregs of the cup of trembling, and wrung them out. Desolation and destruction . . . and the sword! These things are come unto thee. . . . Thy sons have fainted, they lie at the

head of all the streets. . . . Who shall be sorry for thee? . . . By whom shall I comfort thee? Hear now this, thou afflicted. . . . Thus saith thy Lord the Lord, and thy God that pleadeth the cause of His people, Behold I have taken out of thine hand the cup of trembling . . . thou shalt no more drink it again. But I will put it into the hand of them that afflict thee.' [1]

On December 21 we have the following entry:

'"My soul fainted in me. So I cried unto the Lord in my trouble, and He delivered me from my distress. Praise the Lord for His goodness."

'"A Book for all the varieties and vicissitudes of a changeful life, inexhaustible subjects of thought and meditation—solace and support in all earthly trials and afflictions—praise and thanksgiving in the day of prosperity." From the Book of Psalms given me by Mary Farquhar [2] soon after her mother's death, having been marked and read daily by her.'

On December 27 Lady Granville dates again from Wilbury, where Mr. Fullerton and Lady Georgiana were living at that time, which was situated on Salisbury Plain, and on the 30th she finds in her reading a quotation from Dyer's 'Fleece:'

. . . . . The spacious plain
Of Sarum, spread like ocean's boundless round.

[1] Isa. li. [2] Daughter of the Dowager Duchess of Beaufort.

Soon after this time she returned to London, and was enjoying the Sundays there, attending Quebec Chapel, of which the Rev. H. Alford, afterwards Dean of Canterbury, was then the incumbent. She very much admired his preaching, and finds in Cowper's 'Task' a description which she thinks applicable to him:

> Simple, grave, sincere;
> In doctrine uncorrupt; in language plain,
> And plain in manner; decent, solemn, chaste
> And natural in gesture; much impressed
> Himself, as conscious of his awful charge,
> And anxious, mainly, that the flock he feeds
> May feel it too; affectionate in look
> And tender in address, as well becomes
> A messenger of grace to guilty men.

And she continues in her own words: 'And to this must be added language of a most poetic eloquence, and a freshness and clearness of conveying Scriptural information that I never met with in man or book before.'

On January 7, 1855, Lady Granville dates thus: [7th] D., and always marks the day in this way in subsequent years. I have vainly tried to identify the anniversary. Possibly it was that of the Duke of Devonshire's paralytic stroke, which took place in 1854. Her quotations of this date in 1855 point to some anxiety or trouble. Thus she gives the following texts:

'Fear ye not, neither be afraid.'

'Commit thy way unto the Lord, and put thy trust in Him.'

And this verse:

> God's time with patient faith expect,
> Who will inspire thy breast
> With inward strength—do thou thy part,
> And leave to Him the rest—

in the Service for the Day.

And on the 8th she quotes: 'As soon as I gained strength to say, "O my God! I will bear not only this, but more also for Thy sake," my sorrows vanished until the next blow and the next inevitable pang—my heart had died within me, and the bitterness of death was past.' [1]

And on the 10th: 'Thou hast shewed Thy people heavy things, Thou hast given us a drink of deadly wine,' and 'O, be Thou our help in trouble, for vain is the help of man.' [2]

Friends and acquaintances were one by one passing away, whose last words were being treasured up. Thus on January 16 Lady Granville writes: 'The following is an extract out of a letter of Miss Mitford's to my brother, written three or four days before her death. He had of late often written to her, sending her presents of game, fruit, &c.

[1] F. W. [2] Ps. lx. 3, 11.

'Swallowfield, 6th, 1855.

'. . . People are very good to me, from the little child who, in return for garden seeds, sent me (of her own motion) the flowers they had produced, up to you, for whom I never could do anything; and if such trifles are so repaid, what must it be with you—the noble business, the holy pleasure of whose life has been to solace the afflicted and promote the innocent enjoyment of the happy? That gratification is still vouchsafed to you, since every word of your letter proves that the vigour and clearness of your intellect are entirely untouched, and all who know you are well aware that the pleasure of doing good is the last faculty that you will relinquish.'

On the 17th Lady Granville starts for Castle Howard to see her beloved sister, and on that first day's travel as far as London writes only: 'Weary and heavy laden.'

On the 18th she dates 'Castle Howard,' and says: 'From the lesson for the day, read in the train: "And he ran to meet him, and fell on his neck, and kissed him: and they wept. . . . I have seen thy face, as though I had seen the face of God, and thou wast pleased with me."[1] And "He gave me rest."'

Lady Granville, as always, found her best

[1] Gen. xxxiii.

comfort in the diligent reading of the Psalms and lessons for the day, which had constantly their own special teaching and strengthening. Thus on the 19th we have from the first lesson:

'He answered me in the day of my distress, and was with me in the way which I went.'[1]

And on the 20th, 'In weakness and in fear and in much trembling,' from 1 Cor. ii., the second lesson for the afternoon.

On the 23rd we have the following extract: '"This was indeed a heart-blow. . . . Honoured and beloved he was, and a blessing to thousands. In her heart she said, 'Would God I had died for thee!' but she remembered her favourite text, 'Shall not the Judge of all the earth do right?' and bowed and worshipped in silence and submission."—What Mrs. Opie felt on hearing of Mr. Gurney's death.'

Lord Frederic Leveson Gower had died of fever in the autumn of the preceding year before Sebastopol, and Lady Granville quotes from a letter of his sister the Duchess of Argyll to her mother:

'The ploughshare of war has not gone over souls and bodies in vain.'

On the 25th Lady Granville writes thus about herself: 'I never feel the coldness and inadequacy

[1] Gen. xxxv.

of my supplications and thanksgivings as I do when the strongest calls for both are on me—so little proportion in power of rendering back one hundredth part of the emotions raised or stilled! God be merciful. I was so struck with this passage in one of my readings to-day: "Comment Dieu ne serait-il pas absent de nos prières, puisque nous n'y sommes pas présents nous-mêmes?" Such a want of all those "bindings," "knittings," "cleavings" unto Him which so often and so beautifully are enforced upon us, and for which we so constantly pray! What would become of us if it were not that "He knoweth whereof we are made"?'

On the 29th she quotes from a letter received from Mr. Jenkins, a clergyman who lived in the neighbourhood of Chiswick, whom she greatly esteemed, and who had a warm admiration for her:

'Sisters, not only in earthly kindred, but in eternal hopes and undying faith, may nothing in heaven or earth, in time or in eternity, separate you!'

But Lady Carlisle was getting better, and Lady Granville was able to turn to other subjects of interest. She mentions the resignation of Lord John Russell, which took place on account of Mr. Roebuck's motion to inquire into the conduct of the Crimean war, and heads the following quotation from A. Vinet, which she has found in

the 'Edinburgh Review,' with the words "The Times Newspaper:" 'Dire le mal, c'est une manière de le faire, et de mauvaises paroles, sur quelque air qu'on les chante, sont de mauvaises actions.'

Also from the 'Edinburgh Review' she quotes: 'Full of wild storms and crowded catastrophes.'

In literature she is much interested in Ruskin's works, and on February 5 writes: 'I have finished to-day "The Stones of Venice," and give the small pictures of "the Lizard" and the "Cornice Decoration," the latter being such a beautiful specimen of his[1] language, and the strange web of what he calls "Christianity dealing with classical models," in which he has entangled his subject.' She gives a pen-and-ink drawing of the Cornice Decoration, and the following extracts:

'This is Protestantism, a slight touch of dissent, hardly amounting to schism, in those falling leaves, but true life in the whole of it. The forms all broken through, and sent Heaven knows where; but the root held fast, and the strong sap in the branches, and, best of all, good fruit ripening and opening straight towards heaven, and in the face of it, even though some of the leaves be in the dust.

The Lizard. None but the northern Gothic

[1] Ruskin's.

architects are able to introduce entire animal forms into their bases with perfect success. There is a beautiful instance at the north door of the west front of Rouen, a lizard pausing and curling himself round a little in the angle; one expects him the next instant to lash round the shaft and vanish.'

A little later on, after a long description of Giotto, she writes: "Giotto and his Works in Padua,"[1] by Ruskin, sent me by F. Grey, and a perfect specimen of his faults and merits; the landscape too overcharged and lurid, like his favourite Turner's paintings and his definition of character, more like representation of moral perfection than a real *connaissance de cause*.

'But Ruskin! "with all thy faults, I love thee still."'

She was, as usual, throwing herself into all the interests of the Howard family. On February 6 she writes:

'I think what Sainte-Beuve says of Madame Récamier so like my adorable sister: "Elle voit les défauts de ses amis, mais elle les soigne en eux comme elle soignerait leurs infirmités physiques—elle était la Sœur de Charité de leurs peines, de leur faiblesse, et un peu de leurs défauts."'

A little later on she quotes from 'the last words of Carlisle's lecture on the poetry of Gray:

[1] Published by the Arundel Society.

"However, it behoves us to remember, all and each of us, that, whatever situation we may fill, whether the weapon we raise be the warrior's sword or the weaver's shuttle — remember for every one there is a battlefield which is daily life, and that patient well-doing therein is that course of conduct which is most worthy of the victor's wreath and of the poet's laurel."'

Politics were also interesting Lady Granville to a certain degree at this time, and on February 6 she writes:

'Moment of the formation of the new Ministry. "Provide out of all the people able men, such as fear God, men of truth." The summary of my political wishes read in the Morning Service for the day, Exod. xviii.'[1]

On February 7 Lady Granville writes: 'I took this from the Psalm for the morning[2] as a guide through an anxious day: "And there was a great calm." "Put thou thy trust in the Lord, and be doing good. Commit thy way unto Him. Hold thee still. Fret not thyself, else shalt thou be moved to do evil."'

During this time many of Lady Granville's

[1] Lady Granville can scarcely have yet known that Lord Palmerston had succeeded in forming a ministry, for this was only announced by Lord Granville in the House of Lords on that day.

[2] It really is the Psalm for the evening. Lady Granville was rather inaccurate in her dates.

extracts bear upon the Crimean war. Thus on February 9, under the heading of 'War,' she quotes from M. Soumestre: 'Tout désastre a sa cause. Il faut oser chercher et sonder les blessures de la patrie, ne pas flatter le patriotisme, mais l'éclairer;' and: 'Après une lecture qui aurait un peu trop exalté l'orgueil militaire des auditeurs on leur lirait cette belle lettre de Monsieur d'Argenson à Voltaire, écrite du champ de bataille de Fontenoy, et qui se termine par ces mots: "Mais le plancher de tout cela est du sang humain, des lambeaux de chairs humaines."'

Now that Tennyson's fame as a poet is so well established, it is interesting to be reminded of the various opinions expressed at the time when his 'Charge of the Light Brigade' was written. Lady Granville writes of it in her quaint way:

'Georgy sends me these unpublished verses, telling me that the difference of opinion is great and asking for mine, which is,

> What is a wonder,
> And eke a blunder,
> Is to make rhyme supply,
> Not asking reason why!

"Il n'y a qu'un pas" between "ridicule et sublime." Yet—I am captivated, *hors de moi*, and thrilling under its spirit. This is perhaps what Mr. Tennyson wanted.'

We have noticed before Lady Granville's admiration for Lord Raglan. In one place, after quoting Keble's well-known lines about flowers,

> They dwell beside our paths and homes,
> Our paths of sin, our homes of sorrow,

she says: 'Lord Raglan gathered some the evening before the battle of the Alma, and enclosed them in a letter to his daughter.'

On March 2, 1855, under the heading of 'Death of the Emperor of Russia,' which occurred on that day, she quotes from the Magnificat: 'He hath put down the mighty from *his* seat.'

This was an interesting time to Lady Granville, both on public and on private grounds. It seems to have been rather generally expected that the Government would have been defeated on Mr. Roebuck's motion to make the Sebastopol Committee a Committee of Secrecy. This defeat would have affected both Lord Granville and Lord Carlisle, who was at that time Lord Lieutenant of Ireland.

The news of the fall of Sebastopol reached England on the afternoon of September 10 of this year, but apparently Lady Granville only heard the news on the 12th, when she writes: 'Sebastopol taken! God grant that it may be, as I read in the lesson of this day, "They shall beat their swords into ploughshares and their spears into pruning-

hooks ; nation shall not lift up a sword against nation, neither shall they learn war any more ; they shall sit every man under his vine and under his fig-tree ; and none shall make them afraid ;" and still more, that "all people will walk in the name of the Lord our God for ever and ever."[1]

'13th and in to-day's: "Though I have afflicted thee, I will afflict thee no more. . . . Behold upon the mountains the feet of him that bringeth good tidings, that publisheth peace."'[2]

The fall of Sebastopol practically ended the Crimean war, and I find no further allusion to it in Lady Granville's books.

While so many of her extracts during its continuance bear upon it, there are several during all this year which are interesting in other ways. She is beginning to feel her increasing years, and on February 17, 1855, she quotes from the Psalms, 'The days of our age are threescore years and ten ; and though men be so strong that they come to fourscore years, yet is their strength then but labour and sorrow, so soon passeth it away and we are gone ; ' and notes that she is 'in my 69th year.'[3] On the same day she finds a letter of Dr. Arnold's to Archbishop Whately, which she evidently quotes

[1] Micah iv. [2] Nahum i.

[3] She means that she is 69 years old. She was born on August 28, 1785.

as applicable to her own beloved sister Lady Carlisle:

'I must conclude with a more delightful subject, my most dear and blessed sister. I never saw a more perfect instance of the spirit of power and of love and of a strong mind, intense love . . . enjoying everything lovely, graceful, beautiful, highminded, whether in God's work or man's, with the keenest relish, inheriting the earth to the very fulness of the promise . . . preserved from all fear or impatience, from every cloud of impaired reason which might mar the beauty of Christ's Spirit's glorious work. May God grant that I might come within one hundred degrees of her place in glory!'

From John Bunyan's 'Apology for the "Pilgrim's Progress,"' she has a long extract which she heads 'To my children with my *half-hours* (as she often calls her commonplace-books) after my death.' The extract is as follows:

Thereby to please my neighbour? no, not I,
I did it mine own self to gratify.
Neither did I but vacant seasons spend
In this my scribble, nor did I intend
But to divert myself in doing this
From worser thoughts which make me do amiss.
. . . . . and so I penn'd
It down, until it came at last to be,
For length and breadth, the bigness which you see.
. . . . . .

If that thou wilt not read, let it alone;
Some love the meat, some love to pick the bone.
. . . . . .

If things that promise nothing do contain
What better is than gold, who will disdain,
That have an inkling of it, there to look,
That they may find it? . . . . . .
. . . . . they do but hold
The truth, as cabinets enclose the gold.
Yet from them springs that lustre, and those rays
Of light that turn our darkest nights to days.
. . . . . Wouldst thou remember
From New Year's Day to the last of December,
Then read my fancies, they will stick like burrs,
And may be to the helpless comforters.
. . . . . Now I
Commit both thee and them unto that hand
That pulls the strong down, and makes weakness stand.
. . . . . O! then come hither,
And lay my book, thy head and heart together.

On February 23 Lady Granville says: 'I have sent the hundred pounds. "Condemn not, and ye shall not be condemned. Forgive, and ye shall be forgiven. Give, and it shall be given unto you."—Lesson for the Day.

'What a perfect code of morality we have, if we would but diligently search and also abide by it!'

I think this passage refers to a sum of money which she lent to the curate of one of the churches she was in the habit of attending, who had got into

money difficulties and applied to her for assistance. And it is probably with reference to this that she writes in her book in the following year on June 4:

'I have for several days debated in my mind if I should remind —— (a most distressed and unhappy man) of rather a large sum of money which he owes me. The following text in this morning's lesson decided the question: "Sufficient to this man is this punishment; so that ye ought rather to forgive him, and comfort him, lest perhaps such a one should be swallowed up with overmuch sorrow."' [1]

[1] 2 Cor. ii. 6, 7.

CHAPTER XXVIII

Life at Rushmore—Death of Granville Fullerton—Death of Lord Raglan—Lady Granville at Castle Howard—Great Meeting of Teetotallers there—Macaulay.

In March 1855 Lady Granville was at her beloved Rushmore, where, as always, she rejoiced in witnessing the domestic life of her daughter and son-in-law and their large family of children. She applies to them the following lines by Aubrey de Vere:

> They loved with love eternal,
> Spent their days in peace, in good to man,
> Their children loved them, and their people blessed:
> God grant us all such lives, in heaven for aye such rest.

And probably this extract from 'Miss Kenyon' applies also to this beloved daughter, who had her troubles as well as her joys:

'The peace of a subdued and resigned will, a simple childlike reliance of heart in that strength which is made perfect in our weakness, is something deeper, holier, more satisfying far, than the realisation of the brightest dream of earthly happiness.'

On May 29 of this year Lady Georgiana

Fullerton lost her only son, but I find few allusions to this sad event in Lady Granville's notes of this time. We have, however, the following extract from Father Faber's works, which she no doubt thinks describes the grief of this beloved daughter and her husband:

'From that instant till the moment of death the sorrow abided with them, a wonderful deep and fixed sorrow. . . . It never darkened into gloom, it never melted into light. It put itself in harmony with every kind of feeling. It adapted itself to all circumstances. It lived on the present, and the clear view of the future was part of its present, and it never let go its hold of the past. . . . The characteristic of this sorrow was that it was lifelong, quiet, supernatural, and a fountain of love.'

After this extract Lady Granville writes: 'Read to me by Georgy in the summer-house at Compton Place.'

Compton Place is a house at Eastbourne which belonged to the Duke of Devonshire, but was lent for some years to the Hon. Mrs. Cavendish, widow of William, son of the first Earl of Burlington, and her son Richard. It must have been lent by them for a few weeks to the Fullertons, with whom Lady Granville was no doubt staying. She applies to 'the country near Dover' and 'Beachy Head' the following lines from 'King Lear':

Hark! do you hear the sea?
Come on, sir, here's the place: stand still.
How fearful
And dizzy 't is to cast one's eyes so low!
The crows and choughs that wing the midway air
Show scarce so gross as beetles; half way down
Hangs one that gathers samphire, dreadful trade!
Methinks he seems no bigger than his head.
The fishermen that walk upon the beach
Appear like mice, and yon tall anchoring bark
Diminish'd to her cock, her cock a buoy
Almost too small for sight. The murmuring surge,
That on the unnumber'd idle pebbles chafes,
Cannot be heard so high. I'll look no more,
Lest my brain turn, and the deficient sight
Topple down headlong.

From Compton Place she went at the end of June to Chiswick first, and then for a few days to London. We have among her extracts at this time a 'beautiful letter from H. R. to G.,[1] July 1, 1855:'

'I cannot leave your most impressive letter unnoticed, though I know and feel myself to be shut out from the only source that can make sympathy, if not comfort, a satisfaction to your feelings. The distance between us, always so great, seems to have become immeasurably wider by the trial in which it has pleased God to manifest the power of faith to us who still crawl (not rest) upon earth, and cannot rise above it. Even in this fatal, this sudden termina-

[1] Harriet Raikes to Georgy.

tion to life's interests and excitements, you are to be envied—what is there but anxiety for the most favoured in all its gifts—what but disgust and bitterness for those whose lives have been otherwise disposed? Your affections have had the tenderest, the truest, and most natural development that a woman's heart can receive, and so early and so suddenly withdrawn, I can understand that the completion of Earth's despair may realise the perfectings of hope for Heaven.'

On this letter, evidently sent to her to read, Lady Granville comments thus in a letter to Lady Georgiana:

'I have a strange liking for Miss Raikes. I think her letter deeply touching—but how little are our own private individual histories known to each other! How falsely are different destinies weighed till the whole of each is put into one balance! Poor Miss Raikes has not the secret of adjusting the scales.'

Lady Granville adds in a postscript to this letter to Lady Georgiana, 'Recollect that you are 'our earth's own angel.'

Lord Raglan died on June 28, 1855, and Lady Granville, who had a great admiration for him, as we have before seen, comments thus on this event, in a letter to Lady Georgiana Fullerton:

And now, dearest, poor Lord Raglan! I have

one of those strong, some think strange feelings; in what mercy he may have been spared so much misery—at his age, near seventy, to be exposed, to be unequal, or to feel himself so—all depending upon him when he felt mental and bodily powers weakening—or disgrace, bitterness, ingratitude. I used to feel that there were circumstances of which I dared not think which might make his return home such an almost insupportable trial.

'I saw a sad tragedy this morning. Lady Rokeby[1] was with Lady C. Sturt. Poor Lady Rokeby! She has only heard that Lord Rokeby had had the cholera, was going on favourably—just what the delighted daughter of poor Lord Raglan had heard during their ride, and returned home to be met at the door by the telegraphic message!'

Lady Granville spent a Sunday in London, and under the heading 'St. James's Church' she writes: 'Cleanse the thoughts of my heart by the inspiration of Thy Holy Spirit,' and at Grantham on the 5th, on her way to Castle Howard, she says:

'I have a new habit: when I feel tempted to think, do, or say evil, I repeat slowly to myself the above text[2] till the impulse is passed away. It is impossible to say of what practical use this has been

[1] Lord Rokeby was commanding a division of the army in the Crimea.

[2] She calls it a text, but the passage will be recognised as a quotation from the first collect in the service for Holy Communion.

to me. I cannot say how much I think might be gained by a more constant reference (in search for guidance) to texts, making them safeguards and confessionals for the duties of each variously trying day —surely we should be more calm and resigned in anxiety (the great trial of life) if we did so. For example, who would sink under it if following that text of the nineteenth chapter of Proverbs which warns us not to let ourselves "fret against the Lord"?'

Lady Granville found Lady Carlisle better, and on July 9 writes thus to Lady Georgiana Fullerton :

'I write to you to-day, my own dearest child, *only* because I cannot help it. The day is delicious. I thought her[1] extremely well and comfortable yesterday, and I hear she has had a very good night. I think of you both so much in this glorious weather, when earth, air, and sky are putting out all their marvellous varieties of hue and shape —one or two *such* sunsets—the deep blue of the lake—and the wonderful freshness of all the leaves and grass in this late spring—for yet it is scarcely more—we have occasional cold wind.'

Again on the 11th she writes to Lady Georgiana : ' I wrote this in my book yesterday, translated from the Arabic :

[1] Lady Carlisle.

I see you with my heart from distant tracts!
Do you also see me with the heart from afar?
My heart and my eye are sorrowing for you.
My soul is with you, and you are ever in my mind.

'I read a great variety of strange old books always here. A great thick volume, translated from the French—a life of the Comte de Bonneval by himself, exactly as if Lord H. had written his talk of his wife—wonders why he could not like her more. I see it is very coarse and offensive. . . . Lord John seems to have spoken uncommonly well. *I* did not like about Roebuck; but I am grown so susceptible about abuse, sore, I feel it like a hurt. I have an incredible number of small faults, "roulant et couvant," and am always climbing the hill or fighting the battle, as Manning says somewhere—the more to be lamented, as at seventy one has little temptation to great ones, and these Lilliput enemies bind me as much to earth. How I long to be with you, dearest! away from you I feel so pent up upon all these subjects, where we so entirely sympathise and understand even when we don't agree. There is nothing for which I feel so grateful, even when necessarily deprived of it.'

This time at Castle Howard seems to have been quiet and uneventful, and Lady Granville had evidently much time for reading, and found many books in the library which interested her. Thus she writes:

'I found here a volume of "Traditions and Anecdotes," by W. Thoms. He loves, as I do, such compilations. He says that his scattered pages will be looked upon as trifling contributions to our stores of knowledge, scarcely as bricks from which great buildings might be made, scarcely perhaps as the straws necessary to make the bricks; yet, trifling as they seem, he feels his materials were worthy of preservation and capable of being turned to good account. The motto of his book is from Lord Bacon. They are "mucrones verborum," pointed speeches. Cicero prettily calls them "salinas"—salt pits, that you may extract salt out of and sprinkle it where you will. They serve to be interlaced in continuous speech. They serve to be recited, upon occasion, of themselves. They serve, if you take out the kernel of them, and make them your own.'

There are a few extracts, on which Lady Granville has made her own comments:

'When Luther was asked, "What becomes the woman ill?" he said, "There is no gown nor garment that becomes a woman worse than when she will be wise." 'How I wish we all remembered this more, taking care to remember that it is "will be," not "is"!'

'What odd, unaccountable differences there are in the effects of different causes upon our nerves

and tastes! With a dislike of noise that amounts almost to a malady, I never feel it by the seaside, but on the contrary what Campbell's beautiful line expresses:

Thy din to me is *peace*, thy restlessness repose.

I could sit and look at the ocean whole hours together, for, without any exertion of my own, I beheld a grand operation of nature, accompanied with a sort of vast monotony of motion and sound, which lulled me into reverie.' [1]

'Recipe for making every day happy,' by the Rev. Sydney Smith: "When you rise in the morning, form a resolution to make the day a happy one to a fellow creature. It is easily done—a left-off garment to the man who needs it, a kind word to the sorrowful, an encouraging expression to the striving; trifles in themselves light as air will do it—at least for the twenty-four hours. . . . Rest assured it will send you gently and happily down the stream of human time to eternity—by the most simple arithmetical sum, look at the result. You send one person—only one—happily through the day, that is 365 in the course of the year. . . . Now, worthy reader, is not this simple? It is too short for a sermon, too homely for ethics, and too easily accomplished for you to say, 'I would if I could.'"'

[1] Miss Edgeworth.

So far Sydney Smith, but Lady Granville adds, 'Do. by H. Granville:

'*Addition.*—Be humble if you fail.

'*Multiplication.*—Pass each of the 365 days in a fervent desire to carry out the text, "Love your neighbour as yourself."

'*Subtraction.*—Take all thought of self out of the arithmetic. The result "will be incalculable."'

Sydney Smith's writings had been recommended to Lady Granville by Mrs. Hamilton Hamilton, a great friend of the family in the old days at the Embassy, and the bit of her letter referring to this subject is pasted into the Extract Book. It runs thus:

'Of course you have Sydney Smith? Otherwise I should long to send you scraps for your book—not of his wit, but of his wisdom; so pure, so common-sensible, and put together in such satisfactory and easy language.'

My grandmother and her family were all great correspondents, and to a certain extent treated the interesting letters they received from friends and relations as common property, and many are copied into the book. There is a nice bit 'in a letter from Emily Eden to D:'[1]

'How much the feeling of thankfulness predominates when things look their worst! There are wonderful helps to the helplessness of sickness, and so much peace in all its distress. I often think

[1] The Duke of Devonshire.

that my bed and sofa are so much more comfortable than they ought to be—books more amusing—friends more kind. In short, I did not think so much of God's mercies when I had more of them.'

Emily Eden was a very interesting person, the daughter of the first Lord Auckland. She published an amusing book of letters from India, where she was living with her brother when he was Governor-General of India. She died in 1869.

Lady Carlisle was in weak health at this time, and Lady Granville has copied into her book both the words and music of a song 'sung by Francis Grey in my sister's dressing-room the last thing.'

The words are as follows :

Good night, Good night, may heaven's bright stars watch o'er thee!
God shield thee with His grace,
Bright angels spread their wings and cover thee,
And in the night so dark and still,
Spirits of light guard thee from ill.
My heart is hovering round thy dwelling-place,
Good night! Good night! God bless thee with His grace!

Good night! Good night!
Their lullabies the night winds sing to thee!
And on their wings sweet odours bring to thee!
And in thy dreams make all things dear
With gentle seeming linger near.
My hands are clasped, my knees are bowed in prayer,
Good night! Good night! God have us in His care.[1]

[1] Mrs. Butler.

Mrs. Lamb was staying at Castle Howard early in July, for on the 16th Lady Granville writes:

'The following beautiful lines were given to me by Mrs. Lamb the day before she left Castle Howard:

> Adieu! I have too grieved a heart
> To take a tedious leave.[1]
>
> Mournful 't is to say farewell,
> Though for few brief hours we part;
> In that absence who can tell
> What may come to wring the heart!'[2]

On July 27 Lady Granville quotes from the Psalms of the day: 'They that sow in tears shall reap in joy,' and adds: 'My angelic Georgy writes me a letter describing her hopes of building a future residence in a beautiful part of Sussex, where she will be enabled to carry on all her charitable and pious aims for the remainder of her life. She adds: "Among the pleasures I can still anticipate, and God in His mercy gilds with such even such sorrow as mine, is showing all this to you. 'O death, where is thy sting? O grave, where is thy victory?'"'

Lord Carlisle was at this time Lord Lieutenant of Ireland, and, while with his mother, Lady Granville kept up a constant correspondence with him.

[1] Shakespeare. [2] Anonymous.



THE LADIES CAROLINE, GEORGIANA, AND HARRIET HOWARD
(AFTERWARDS LADY C. LASCELLES, LADY DOVER, AND DUCHESS OF SUTHERLAND

(From a Drawing by G. Jackson)

Some of these letters are very amusing. Here is one which is worth quoting :

'Verity[1] arrived yesterday—much pleased with the improvement he finds. . . . He is himself a blooming young man. . . . The first thing we did after his arrival was to walk off with him (at my sister's earnest request) to the sheds out of the kitchen garden to look at the little gem of beauty called the white calf (I think it is a little bull). Verity was in positive ecstasies—feeling—stroking—backing like a painter before his easel—puzzling the very Yorkshire attendant who showed us the way. "Have you marked the line—the short distance between the last joint of the back to the tail—the wonderfully firm flesh?" "We bred him, and we feeds him," was the practical view of the attendant. Georgiana[2] and I stood in puddles and admiration ; then came two grey horses—like a speckled sky—and two real calves like peeled horse-chesnuts. Georgiana will tell you all about us. All we hear of you is too bright and charming No words can say what it is to me to be here. I have nothing else to say, so I copy Netty's[3] account to her mother of the Durham Christening. "They had mixed the babies, so they could not tell

[1] The much-trusted family doctor. [2] Lady Dover.

[3] Daughter of Lady Caroline Lascelles and granddaughter of Lady Carlisle, married in 1849 William George Cavendish, afterwards Lord Chesham.

which was the eldest, the nurses grumbling which should carry him. At last he was found, and put in Lady Elgin's arms—called George D'Arcy; then came the other, and no one knew what he was to be called. The Abercorns did not know, or any one else near. Lady Durham giggling too much to be intelligible. At last they fished Lord Durham out of the crowd, who said it was to be Frederic William, which sounds like a king of Prussia."[1] I think my letter is one of the most objectionable levity.'

Another letter giving the account of a temperance meeting at Castle Howard is also amusing:

'At twelve o'clock a remarkably good band played in front of the house, and about four hundred Leeds teetotallers arrived. The day was fine, though sunless, but the enjoyment seemed complete, and the fountains played almost unceasingly. It was a beautiful sight! and the last hour was amusing. Two teetotallers, one a Mr. Jarvis from Harrogate, spoke at length on the steps, beginning their grateful effusions with most hearty praise of you in all ways and for all things. Nobody was forgotten. They gave cheers to Mr. Henderson, thanks to Lady Mary *Leebouchur*, compliments to Mrs.

[1] The present Earl of Durham and his next brother were twins, but the account of the christening in the text seems not to have been quite correct, as the eldest son is named John George.



LADY MARY HOWARD (AFTERWARDS LADY TAUNTON)
(From a Miniature by Thorburn)

Parker & Co., applause and respect of the aristocracy, contempt for "the foolish boobies" in the House of Commons. Then came the well-known ball on the flags, Martin's[1] graceful wave of his arm, Thomas footing it like an india-rubber ball. The three darling little girls in ecstasy, winding it up with a gallop, Mary[2] looking almost as fresh and bright as they. My maid told me that Mrs. Parker was amused. She came full upon me with a large party after her. I got into a side door, and she was proceeding, when a courteous Leedsian stopped her with "Pardon me, I fear I am too late. I regret it much, I should have wished to pay my addresses to that Lady." Indeed, they all seemed bursting with their wish to testify their satisfaction. I make no apologies, and I add nothing. The Doctor[3] was perfectly happy. Miss Pye, the artist, and the brace of governesses occupy his leisure hours. I must not forget that our speakers of this morning revelled in the confident delight of the vote you would have given had you been in England this session on the sale of beer bill! Your adorable mother liked hearing the music, and enjoyed all our details.'

Macaulay was a visitor at Castle Howard at this time, and Lady Granville says of him :

[1] The butler. [2] Lady Mary Labouchere.
[3] Dr. Verity.

'Macaulay is an (almost) never-ceasing talker, and pours out the prodigious stores of learning, wit, and eloquence with such an absorption in his subject that I doubted when I heard him if he would not go on just the same if everybody left the room. Somebody asked the Duchess of Sutherland (after a dinner at Stafford House) if he liked the society of women, and whom he seemed to prefer. She answered, "Oh, he only looks upon us all in the light of interruptions."'

CHAPTER XXIX

Death of Granville Pitt—Lady Granville with the Fullertons at Littlehampton—Her visit to Durweston—Lady Granville's winter in London—Her interest in her grandchildren—Goes to Brighton and Castle Howard.

LADY GRANVILLE'S visit to Castle Howard was saddened by the receipt, on August 21, of the news of the death of Lady Rivers's second son, Granville Pitt, which had occurred on the previous day. He had had a serious illness some months before, from which he had recovered to more or less of his previous state of health, and the end came at last quite suddenly in his sleep. Among the many sympathetic letters which Lady Granville no doubt received at this time she has only copied one into her book from Lady Dover, which is as follows:

'I know what this blow must have been to you—we had almost lived through it before, but it was a merciful reprieve, which made that poor boy still dearer, and added admiration to their love. I must always feel that Susan is a proud and happy mother to have trained such an angelic soul. Are they not given to us but to be given to Heaven? And who can have clearer evidence of having succeeded?'

But there is another letter Lady Granville quotes, written to Lord Rivers by the Rev. Sidney Osborne, the well-known S.G.O.[1] of the 'Times' newspaper, who was at that time a great personal friend of Lord and Lady Rivers, and was with them during Granville's serious illness some months before, when he had been supposed to be dying. This letter is worth quoting at length:

'It is folly for any one to offer you any but the *one* consolation under this dispensation of Providence. I can only repeat what I said when your George was taken. You securely train your children through earthly trial for heavenly peace. Where can you show me two parents who have given back to God two youths of their age whose lives had been so pure, so blameless—yes, and so happy? When I broke to your Granville the fact that the illness must so soon end in death, though surprised, there was no fear. He welcomed religious consolation, he commended in a true spirit of a Christian those who had been kind to him to your care; strong in the faith he had been reared in, he waited the event. It pleased God that that moment of danger should pass away, but the spirit which had been content to meet it remained. There is not a living parent of a child that might not quietly covet for him such a tranquil passing from earth to Heaven.

[1] Afterwards Lord Sidney Osborne.

Let us be content to try and train the two who remain in the same simple faith, as carefully guarding them from all outward temptation to evil. If it shall please God to spare them to inherit wealth, they will be the happier in its possession and more blessed in its use, in that they were reared in a far greater regard to the probability of their being only taken to their Redeemer.'

On September 8, 1855, Lady Granville was at Littlehampton with the Fullertons. She was reading a number of the 'Retrospective Review,' and says: 'I find Chamberlayne's poetry highly praised. The extracts appear to me as bad as possible, but I like the thought in a passage which so exactly paints to me my Georgiana, when I watch her intense admiration of all that is beautiful in the various and glorious works of God:

> Her very look so far
> From vulgar passions, that unless amazed
> At beauty's majesty she sometimes gazed
> Wildly at that, as emblems of more great
> Glories than earth afforded. . . . Her fixed soul
> Had not been stirred to passion.

On the 22nd she continues:

'And to-day I find lines of the strange old writer Crashaw, alike descriptive of her in this moment of bereavement and desolation:[1]

[1] After the death of her son.

Sorrow's best jewels lie in this
Casket of which Heaven keeps the keys;
Nowhere but here did ever meet
Sweetness so sad, sadness so sweet.'

A little further on in her book Lady Granville applies to 'my Georgy' these words from the life of Santa Francesca Romana:

'Pure from the least taint of worldly vanity, cold to all that belongs to human passion; but with a heart burning with love to God, and overflowing with charity to every creature of His.'

At another time she says of Lady Georgiana, quoting from a book by the Rev. John Pulsford:

'My Georgy has "Light and peace, inward strength and rest, sees the old creation with young eyes, and feels the poetic relation between God and Man."'

Lady Granville herself kept to old age this same love of nature, and writes:

'My enjoyment of this beautiful world, "so clothed in beauty for rebellious man," is so increased within the last few months that I sometimes hope (in my 75th year) I may yet learn "the infinite charm of being able to read the spirit of nature truly, never to look coldly upon the meanest flower, because God made it, and really to feel that His voice was in the thunder, His glory upon the sea."[1]

[1] Miss Sewell.

But Lady Granville was also amusing herself with lighter literature, and finding illustrations of her own feelings in various books. Thus she writes:

'Sainte Beuve says of Balzac's opinion that an artist ought to precipitate himself into his work "tête baissée, comme Curtius dans le gouffre." "De telles allures de talent impliquent bien de la verve et de la fougue, mais aussi du hasard et beaucoup de fumée;" and of Rabelais, "Les uns l'admirent encore moins qu'ils ne le goûtent. Ils le lisent, le comprennent là où ils peuvent, et se consolent de ce qu'ils n'entendent pas avec les portions exquises qu'ils en tirent comme la moelle de l'os, et qu'il savourent," which is just how I read almost everything. Reading is to me like a journey on the railroad—on, on, on, on—(oh! a town!); on, on, on, on—(such a cornfield with loaded wagons, picturesque groups, wild flowers in the hedges!); on, on, on, on—(a cathedral!); and so on.'

We have already alluded to the death of Granville Pitt. He was the second of the four sons of Lord and Lady Rivers who were afflicted by the same incurable illness, and they were now in considerable anxiety about their two remaining sons. For the third, Willy, it was thought that a foreign climate might be beneficial, while it seemed that it might be well to separate Henry, who had as yet shown only slight symptoms of the disease, from his

brother, and try bringing him up in another family, away from home influences and the anxiety which his parents could scarcely hope to be able to conceal.

Under these circumstances Lord and Lady Rivers resolved to take Willy to Nice, where he remained through the winter of 1855–56 with Lady Rivers and her daughters, Fanny and Blanche. Lord Rivers and Susan Pitt also went out with them, but returned to England in January 1856.

At the same time Mr. Sidney Osborne offered to take charge of Henry, and with his wife, a Miss Grenfell by birth, they had the little boy for many years in their family.

Lady Granville's granddaughters, Alice, Mary, Margaret, Gertrude, and Constance, remained during this winter with their governess, Miss Doggett, under Lady Granville's care in her house in Hereford Street.

During this time my grandmother kept up a constant correspondence with Lady Rivers. In November she paid a visit to Mr. and Mrs. Sidney Osborne at his living of Durweston near Blandford in Dorsetshire.

Lady Granville, as always, thoroughly enjoyed having her grandchildren with her, and writes most charming descriptions of them all. She is also pleased at the interest they afford to Lady Georgiana, and says, 'It is so good for her to have them here.'

On November 5 Lady Granville starts for Durweston, and adds this postscript at the end of her letter: 'Blue and gold day and Henny Penny[1] at the end of it!' She was very happy at Durweston, delighted with her grandson, pleased with the whole *entourage*. Some of her letter from thence is perhaps worth quoting:

'Morning Prayer! that little angel curbing in his uproarious spirits, reading the Psalms, kneeling with me at the same chair. Every response went to my heart. It was almost too much for me. I think Durweston delightful. What a pretty room, and view, from the window, of the church, like Mr. Fraser's[2] drawing-room at West Cholderton, only that is still much prettier! . . . I lead just the life I do at home. Here are the boys[3] to put out the Meet.[4]

'11 o'clock. Now see me in an armchair, looking at the darling boys putting out the Meet. What a little dear Miss Bird (the governess), and how she and all *adore* Henry! *His* rapture at my giving her "Christmas and the Poets" is untellable, and she seemed so pleased. I gave him also 5*l.* to give in coals and flannel at Christmas. Then, though so fond of the poor people that he wishes

[1] A pet name for Henry Pitt.

[2] Afterwards Bishop of Manchester, but at that time Rector of West Cholderton near Wilbury.

[3] Henry, and Riversdale called 'Baboo,' Mr. Sidney Osborne's youngest son.

[4] A game Lady Granville had given them.

me to see them all, he answers, "I don't want that. *I've* got money enough. *I'm* very rich. *I've* got a purseful," but at last yielded to my argument that a little *more* could but do good. He is always giving his darling *pennies* to them.'

On November 9 Lady Granville writes again from London, and, besides family details, touches on subjects of general interest. She says: 'Marie [her daughter-in-law] came up for an hour from Windsor. They are quite alone with them. She raves of the Princess Royal, thinks her so clever, not pretty but extremely pleasing. I met the bride, Mrs. Stonor,[1] walking in the streets; thought her so very pretty, but infinitely more so Miss Ashworth,[2] sitting in a calèche at Gunter's door.'

Evidently a demonstration in Hyde Park was expected for Sunday, November 11, for on the 10th Lady Granville writes:

'Georgy wishes very much for the plan for to-morrow with which Marshal Lobau instantly dispersed a tremendous mob at Paris. He had out all the waterworks he could collect—spouts, engines—all the smart Sunday dresses were either drenched or rapidly fled, and the dread of ridicule came with its hundred horse-power and cleared the Place in ten

[1] Sir Robert Peel's daughter, just married to Hon. Francis Stonor, son of Lord Camoys.

[2] Second daughter of Sir Frederic Ashworth.

minutes. I think John Bull's sense of dress and ridicule less acute.'

I cannot find any mention of this subject in contemporary records, but there seems to have been no riot after all, for on the Sunday evening Lady Granville writes, 'The Park was quiet, great crowds, but orderly, only a pickpocket or two taken up. No political news at all. Colonies not filled up.'[1] On November 16 my grandmother writes: 'Marie and Leveson came on their way to Frognal. Wilton was very gay. Ladies Stuart, Waterford, Canning, Bruce, Henry Drummond (whose cleverness delighted them both). . . . Mrs. Sidney Herbert is in despair at her husband having refused the Colonial Office, which was offered him. He said he did so because he foresaw Lord Palmerston would carry on the war in a way he should not approve. . . . Leveson bids me tell you that it is true Lord Stanley refused. He could not hear anything more. . . .

'*Saturday.*—To-day *the Home Office*, having seen nobody and heard nothing. First look at me in a very small apron, worked me by Gertrude, black silk with black velvet Ws. She is wild with joy, asks everybody she meets on the stairs if I have

[1] Lord Palmerston first offered the Colonies to Lord Stanley, then to Sidney Herbert. Finally it was accepted by Mr. Labouchere, afterwards Lord Taunton.

got my "apy" on. With Miss Doggett and three I have been walking to buy tea and visit my stalls. At a quarter to seven they are coming for an hour to prepare wools and business for me at Littlehampton. It is *good* for me to go, but I grieve to leave them, such well-doing and well-being, without an anxiety or *souci*. I never saw anything like Miss D.'s constant watchfulness over everything and all things.

'10. Oh! what a *Prima sera* I had! But who do you think insisted upon coming? Gert. She held a ball, was *enchanted*. Cruel Mrs. Martin [1] came to summon her to bed. She behaved with the utmost fortitude, kissed us all, walked off, *but*, when she reached the door, burst into tears, exclaiming: "Oh, I am so unglad and unhappy to leave the wools." Does it not break all your hearts in two, as it did mine? Miss D. came to me from eight to nine.

'Sunday. Oh! such weather! opaque fog, drizzling rain, streets as slippery as ice, so we are all going to cab to and fro. A quarter before two. Such a beautiful sermon! *Courage*—one of Mr. Alford's triumphs. "Stand fast in the faith, quit you like men, be strong," one of his very best. Alice below with me, Mary and Miss Doggett in the Sturt pew. 11 o'clock—Mr. Alford was again perfect. I never

[1] Children's maid in Lady Rivers's family. Afterwards maid to Lady Granville.

saw anything like Miss D.'s delight. "I am the Bread of Life." We took Totty,[1] as Mary had been a little sickish in the morning, but she is (as all) perfectly well. Miss D. and I are anxious to see how the Galloway soirée will go off.[2] If pleasant, we mean to have a tea too.

'*Monday*, 19*th*.—Delicious post. So much from Nice. Your letters stupid! They are the *romans de ma vie*. I see all, but English weather beats yours hollow.[3] It is *deplorable*, but with what a grateful heart I see it has no influence on your five healthy, prosperous darlings! All so well and happy. I have *such* accounts from Castle Howard of my sister, of her joy at Labouchere's appointment,[4] and, last and biggest, such a letter from H. P.[5] to his sisters. God bless you ever. Your most affectionate. I go to-morrow, but continue to direct *here*. What follows *by permission*:

'"I thank Totty very much for her nice letter. How is Alice?[6] I think you are very dear sisters. I've got jumping sticks. Georgy's[7] my mistress. I'm learning to skip too. I had a letter from Fanny to-day. I know Mrs. Osborne is a very

[1] Margaret Pitt's nickname.

[2] Lady Galloway, Lady Granville's niece, and her husband were in London with their family of children, and there were meetings between the Pitts and them.

[3] There was at this time a great deal of rain at Nice.

[4] To the Colonies. [5] Henry Pitt. [6] Alice Pitt.

[7] Lord Sidney Osborne's second daughter.

funny lady. Oh! I like her so much; she is such a darling creature, and her eyes are like gold, and, poor old lady, she can hardly see, and is obliged to wear spectacles. Poor old lady! Mr. Sturt and Mrs. Sturt.[1] She is a very funny creature. She ran on the lawn like an ostrich when she came out to see me jump and run." *Che vi par?'*

I find no special account of the visit to Littlehampton, but in January 1856 Lady Granville is again in Hereford Street, surrounded by her grandchildren, Susan Pitt having returned from Nice and being with the London party. Lady Granville gives, as before, a most graphic account of them all, also mentions again her delight in Mr. Alford's (afterwards Dean of Canterbury's) preaching.

But in February 1856 she felt it right to go to Brighton to be near her brother. He very much wished that she should go to his own house there, but this she declined, preferring to keep her own hours, and merely to pay him daily visits. Being at Brighton was always a trial to her, as it reminded her so much of the time she had spent there with her husband, and it was only her devotion to the Duke which made her set this on one side. Lady Georgiana Fullerton seems also to have made Brighton her headquarters at this time, for Lady

[1] He means Lady Charlotte Sturt, sister of the Earl of Cardigan and married to Mr. Henry Sturt of Critchell. She was immensely tall.

Granville writes, 'In a letter from Georgy, who had gone to London for a week, "I long to be with you again, and I feel a pining for pure air. The echoes of the world are very fatiguing when the heart is sore."' Lady Granville's own heart was sore at this time, and she writes touchingly about her life at Brighton to Lady Georgiana:

'He[1] is charmed with my notes, jokes, copyings. Oh! near and dear—what a strange woman I am to be able to put on all this "outside bravery"! One must guard it like all else—some people I know would shrink from it, think it not like "living with real people." But there are some who *cannot* be unshackled and unbounded (which *has* more charm), and their only business is to let their shackles and cords be true and not of this earth.'

At the end of March Lady Granville was again at Castle Howard. This was evidently a time of depression with her. She was not well herself, probably suffering still from the strain of her time at Brighton, and always anxious over Lady Carlisle's health. On April 17 she writes: 'I cannot make extracts just now, but I can write down daily something from my Morning Service, invariably finding in that source and guide something that raises me from the "damp and cold of earth."' And for a few weeks she kept to this only, and has rarely more

[1] The Duke.

than a text or a passage from Scripture for each day. There are, however, some interesting comments on these passages. Thus, after repeating what she had noted before of the help and strength that she had found in taking some text of Scripture and for a time 'using it as a shield against the besetting sin of the moment,' she adds, 'I am never without one. I mention two, "Cleanse the thoughts of my heart"[1] and "Love thy neighbour as thyself;" now, when I feel oppressed and depressed about the health and destinies of many loved ones, "I will arise and go to my father," fervently whispered, seems to me actually an upholding arm, an offered staff. I lean on it, and all is "Excelsior."'

And again, 'What gives the Biblical tragedies their deep and unequalled power over one's feelings? Their simplicity. "Is the young man Absalom safe?"'

[1] This is not from Scripture, but from the first collect in the Communion Service.

CHAPTER XXX

Again in London—Spurgeon's preaching—Lord Granville's appointment as Ambassador Extraordinary to Russia for the Emperor Alexander's coronation — Letters from Russia — 'Mme. de Bonneval.'

On May 14 Lady Granville was again at her house in Hereford Street. She quotes from a letter of Lady G. Fullerton's on May 21 :

'I can well imagine *all*. *My* heart too swelled, ached, and then acquiesced, a step further than resignation. . . . My day amongst my poor was most successful, full of what neither sorrow nor time can take away—the joy of children, the gleams of pleasure on many faces.'

And on May 23 :

'In a letter from Georgy, "Strange how one survives oneself. But you will understand. I must copy out something of Dr. Newman's, which is as if *I* was speaking to you :

'"'This only thing I know, that there is between you and me so strange a unity of thought that I should have deemed it quite impossible, before I found it actually to exist, between any two persons

whatever, and which, widely as we are separated in opinion . . . is to me inexplicable. I find it difficult to explain what I mean; we disagree certainly on the most important subjects, but there is an unaccountable correspondence in the views we take of things, in our impressions, in the lines in which our minds move, and the issues to which they come, our judgment of what is great and little, in the manner in which objects affect our feelings."

'Ever, dearest,

'Your most affectionate,

'G. F.'

But while her correspondence with Lady G. Fullerton shows something of her deeper feelings, the letters to Lady Carlisle show that she was also taking an interest in the outside world, not personally, but as it were vicariously in the persons of those she loved. On May 13 she writes as follows:

'Susan and Rivers dined at Stafford House yesterday. She says the conversation at dinner was most excessively agreeable and interesting. She sat by Lord Wensleydale, who sat by the Duchess, and the Bishop of Oxford[1] on the Duchess's other side; but Susan says she *never was so amused* in her life as at the sight of the Duchess's face when Lord Wensleydale, in a clear, *investigating*

[1] Bishop Wilberforce.

voice and manner, cried out: "Well, Duchess, what did you think of Spurgeon[1] yesterday?" The dear Duchess's discomfiture was so great that it would have been very embarrassing had not the Bishop most amiably exclaimed: "Never mind me. I only look upon it as going to hear a very fine actor," and then he poured forth a whole history of the most amusing anecdotes and facts about the great celebrity. Susan says: "I saw in his face that he would give the world to go and hear him himself."'

On May 28 Lady Granville quotes in her book from Nehemiah viii.: "Be not sorry, for the joy of the Lord is your strength . . . send portions unto them for whom nothing is prepared . . . hold your peace . . . be not grieved." Lesson for the day, and lesson of my life now.

On June 19 she writes: 'I like passages in the "Guardian" (Steele's upon the advantage of beginning the day with the Daily Service—I never omit it, either at church or, where my attention is more collected, in my own room) setting forth the advantage "of offering ourselves at a stated early hour to our Creator, guarding ourselves with the love of Him and the hopes we have from Him against the snares of business and pleasure in the ensuing

[1] The great Baptist preacher, who at that time was making a great sensation in London.

day "with gladness and gratitude upon the entrance of a new day," having gone to sleep with expectation of it, warning us against "a throwing the time of prayer negligently into our common life."'

The summer of this year was a most interesting one to my grandmother on account of the mission of Lord Granville to Russia as Ambassador Extraordinary to attend the coronation of the Emperor Alexander. She announces it thus to Lady Carlisle:

'Most dear, you probably will have known before me (D.[1] is delighted that *he* did two days before me) of my beloved Leveson's new and flattering mission. . . . He does not go till September. Marie[2] is wild with joy, and so is Margaret, who, with Freddy,[3] "attendant sails." They will take them in the ship they have granted to them and lodge them. D. lends Marie all his diamonds, has given them all his papers and journals to study his life at Petersburg.'[4]

During this summer Lady Rivers was at Aix-les-Bains, having been advised to try the baths there for her son Willy; and Susan Pitt and Mr. Stewart, the old family friend often mentioned, were with her there. Lady Granville's letters to her, as well as

[1] The Duke of Devonshire.

[2] Her daughter-in-law, Lady Granville.

[3] Mr. and Lady Margaret Leveson Gower.

[4] The Duke of Devonshire had himself been sent as special Ambassador to Russia for the coronation of the Emperor Nicholas.



George, Second Earl Granville.
From a painting by Lehmann.

to Lady Carlisle when absent from Castle Howard, give many details about the Embassy to Russia, and are also interesting in other ways. It may be well to give extracts from them as chronologically as possible.

To Lady Carlisle:

'Marie[1] gave a very amusing account of a small dinner at the Palace, only family, the Prince of Prussia and the Prince of Hesse-Baden. She says the former is amiable, gay, natural; and that he and the Princess Royal appeared very much in love with each other, "though I really can't see why at dinner she talked so much more to Puss,[2] who sat on her left hand." The A. and V. so happy, one does like so much to see a little romance get into the shackles of Court proceedings. Nothing ever was so gracious as the Queen and Prince to Marie and Leveson, entering with such delight and zest into the Russian Mission, she entreating Marie to write her every detail.'

On July 22 Lady Granville dates again from Castle Howard. During this visit here extracts in her commonplace books are almost all from books. It is curious that she speaks thus of 'The Newcomes:'

'I found the following passage in that cleverest and most hateful book (I have only read half the

[1] Young Lady Granville. [2] Lord Granville.

first book) "The Newcomes." It enchanted me. I have so often wondered how amongst the best and wisest of my friends so many are absurd and absorbed in that (to me) most unaccountable of passions—*dress*—"He is naturally what he is, and breaks out into costume as spontaneously as a bird sings or a bulb bears a tulip."'

There is a passage on 'the government of the tongue' by Faber which is interesting from her reflections upon it. 'I do not know which of the two things is the most astonishing: the unexpected importance of the place assigned to this duty in Holy Scripture, or the utter unconcern which even good men feel about it. Unless a man takes the Concordance and looks out in the Bible all the passages which have reference to this subject, from Proverbs and Ecclesiastes to St. James, he will have no idea of the amount of teaching which it contains on this head, nor the actual quantity of that single volume which it engrosses.' Here Lady Granville inserts: 'I have, for I copied out every text bearing the least reference to the subject from the Bible. It was inexpressibly soothing to me to estimate all that attached to freedom from that fault; to you, my beloved children, I need not say why.'

This is one of the very few allusions Lady Granville makes in her books to the husband whom

she had so loved, but I have no doubt that she was remembering how very discreet he always was, and unwilling ever to speak unkindly of others, and I think it was for that reason that she valued especially the parts of the Bible bearing on that subject.'

On August 1 she writes from Castle Howard to Lady Rivers: 'Blue and gold, extremely hot. . . . The past brings nothing but a letter from Carlisle [1] to my sister. He is well and joyous, delighting in cricket matches between the Guards and the "Men of Carlew," much struck with the Duchess of Manchester's [2] beauty and charming manners. . . .

'2nd. . . . Edwin Lascelles [3] writes that he has charming sport at Stark (Lord Stafford's Highland place). He went out fishing, caught a *salmon*, which an *eagle* immediately pounced upon and carried off. I see Edwin's face upon the occasion. . . . I see Lady G. Lygon's marriage in the "Times" to-day. Georgy says her uncle, General Lygon, intended to leave all his fortune to Mr. Pakenham, his nephew, who turned Roman Catholic and became a monk; that General Lygon was miserable about it, but turned all his affection upon

[1] At that time Lord Lieutenant of Ireland.

[2] The Countess Louise Frederica Augusta, daughter of Count von Alten of Hanover, wife of the seventh Duke of Manchester. She married after his death the eighth Duke of Devonshire.

[3] Son of Lady Caroline Lascelles.

Lady Georgiana, and it is supposed will settle everything upon her. Her father[1] was the late Lord Raglan's most intimate friend.'

On August 19 Lady Granville writes to Lady Rivers:

'To-day brings you[2]—most dear—yes, you are an Angel, but not a Hermit; so your present life must be less suited to you than to those to whom scenery amounts to a passion. Ask Susan[3] if she has crossed the lake, met the monks singing in chorus, and watched the fishermen under the dark shade of those mountains, and thought of Gennesareth, as nowhere else one had ever done. *E ben per mia memoria*![4] Willy's well-doing gilds your view. D.[5] has heard from Leveson.[6] "Staffords[7] and Cavendish[8] arrived safe at Cronstadt. Johnny[9] most able, an American servant of Dr. Sandwith[10] making the happiness of the crew . . . Horace Rumbold[11]

[1] The fourth Earl Beauchamp. [2] *I.e.* your letter. [3] Susan Pitt.

[4] Well, for my memory! [5] The Duke of Devonshire.

[6] Then on his way to Russia with his suite.

[7] Lord Stafford, son of the second Duke of Sutherland, and his wife, only child of John Hay Mackenzie, Esq., of Newhall and Cromartie, created Countess of Cromartie, Viscountess Tarbet, &c., in her own right.

[8] Lord Cavendish, now eighth Duke of Devonshire, son of the Earl of Burlington. His mother was Lady Carlisle's daughter.

[9] Sir John Acton, afterwards created Lord Acton, Lord Granville's stepson.

[10] The hero of Kars.

[11] Sir Horace Rumbold, afterwards British Minister in various countries, and in 1896 Ambassador at Vienna.

came to Dresden to propose himself for Moscow; sings well, is a first-rate linguist, but numbers made it impossible. . . . At Kissingen (Forbes absent) I [1] paid my respects to the only attaché. He bowed profoundly upon my coming in and going out, but I could not extract anything from him, he was so much preoccupied with his dog, and he has not returned my visits. . . . Gerald Ponsonby [2] would be pleasant if he had not the usual quantity of shyness of his family; Lincoln [3] rather good-looking . . . cheery, and inclined to be a tame cat when he is not a wild one; Colonel Maude [4] very pleasing; Ward [5] not arrived, his fat will be in the fire, but the cautious and sagacious Freddy [6] had given him ample warning. Weather beautiful, Marie and I perfectly well. *Jane Dacre*, 7th. Rough day. Marie, Ponsonby, Lincoln, and Johnny succumbed. Peel [7] clever, gay, good-natured. . . . Lady E.[8] pretty, pleasing, young, coquettish, admirable linguist. Dalkeith [9] pleasing, gentlemanlike, but very

[1] Lord Granville. [2] Son of the fourth Earl of Bessborough.
[3] The Earl of Lincoln, afterwards sixth Duke of Newcastle.
[4] Afterwards Sir George Maude.
[5] Lord Ward, created Earl of Dudley in 1860.
[6] Hon. Frederic Leveson Gower.
[7] Sir Robert Peel had succeeded his father, the famous statesman, as third Baronet in 1850.
[8] Lady Emily Peel, daughter of George, eighth Marquess of Tweeddale.
[9] The Earl of Dalkeith succeeded his father as sixth Duke of Buccleuch in 1884.

retiring; Ashley [1] is charming, handsome, civil, with the sunbeamy character of his mother,[2] not in the least shy, full of animal spirits. Maude and Hardinge excellent selections of Freddy, clever, civil; J. Acton much cleverer than all of them put together. *Petersburg*, 9th.—I had no idea the little thing was a Man of War! the only foreign Man of War that ever reached Petersburg itself, which by the way it was very near not doing, as it touched ground. Entrance by the river much grander than I expected. Hotel most comfortable. Ward turned up in high good humour. Esterhazy [3] is arrived, asked to present his letters of *créance*, and then remembered that he had none, which delighted the Russians, who abhor the Austrians now. Everybody out of town—horses arrived all safe. Two mistakes—old Dresden china broken, champagne delayed." Now, dearest, D. sends me L.'s letter, urging "to no one is it to be shown." O, do not tell, and return it by post. . . . I think it no sin to write it to Aix, sending it round by Littlehampton.[4] It can bear being a little stale, and L. writes to me, "The Duke will tell you my gossip."'

In a subsequent letter Lady Granville gives an

[1] Lord Ashley, son of the philanthropic Earl of Shaftesbury.
[2] Lady Emily Cowper, daughter of the fifth Earl Cowper.
[3] Austrian Ambassador.
[4] Where Lady Georgiana was staying at that time.



HON. F. LEVESON GOWER

(From a Lithograph by Saugniet, 1852)

extract from a letter from her son Frederic with further details:

'Everything goes on smoothly. Presentation a great deal of bustle, but all passed off well. Went and returned on a steamboat. Arrangements on the part of the Court excellent, a profusion of dressing rooms, carriages, and food. Leveson had a long audience with the Emperor, who was very civil, and of whom he did not feel afraid. The Emperor then came down to the line of attachés, afterwards the Empress. They said a few words to each. It was nervous to listen to the answers. The Military and Dr. Sandwith were most spoken to, and the topics of Kars and the Crimea not avoided. Ashley was asked if he were not the son of Lord Palmerston.[1] The women were only presented to the Empress. They were well dressed. . . . The few Russians we have yet met with are all very cordial.'

A few days later Lady Granville hears again from her son Frederic, who writes:

'I delight in Moscow, most comfortably lodged in a splendid house; arrangements, servants, all admirable, charming weather, rather cool than hot. Moscow a most curious and wonderful town, now full of life, very pleasant country in the neighbourhood. This morning we lounged over the interior

[1] He was the grandson of *Lady* Palmerston by her first marriage with Lord Cowper.

of the palace of the Kremlin. The new part is magnificent, the old part quaint, and in its way handsome. We have every day a sprinkling of foreigners, chiefly dips.,[1] either at dinner or in the evening. No gaieties begun. On Friday the Emperor makes his public entry and we go at one to the Princess Katcherbey's, the men in uniform, the women in ball dresses, first to breakfast, then to make small talk, at five to see the procession, at seven to dine, and later to a ball. To my mind such a day should do for all the gaieties of the coronation.

. . . . . .

Nicholas and Michael very pleasing. I prefer them to the elder brother. Russians very civil. . . .

"I have felt very well to-day, and have taken a charming ride.[2] Happy Margaret is gone with Leveson and Lady Stafford to the French Play, which is open for the first time to-night. My greatest pleasure here is to see dearest Margaret's enjoyment. She is such an angel, always ready to give up everything to stay with me.'

And again from a letter from Mr. Leveson Gower, dated September 25, Lady Granville quotes:

'Everything is going on smoothly at the

[1] Diplomats.

[2] He had been suffering from a temporary indisposition.

Embassy. Leveson so well. His and her popularity are unbounded. She delights people by her graciousness and remembering their names and all about them, and he by his agreeableness, and, above all, simplicity. . . . The ball to the Emperor was successful. He was gracious, danced with Lady Stafford, Lady Emily, and Margaret. The Russians were heard on all sides to express themselves pleased with the ball. . . . At the ball the Emperor told Margaret that it was "une température effrayante." The Imperial family like to deal in these home truths.'

In September 1856 Lady Rivers and Susan Pitt returned to England, and Lady Granville writes to the former when she was at Lyons on her return journey:

'September 16.—From Di Howard[1] at Dunrobin.[2]

'Mrs. B. Stowe and family are arrived. We are very much amused with the young ladies, so extremely different from anything in the shape of young ladies one ever saw before; talking much, giving their opinions most decidedly on all subjects, never saying, "Good night," "Good morning," "if you please," or "thank you," leaning their elbows well on the table at dinner, saying "Ma" at every

[1] The Hon. Mrs. Edward Howard, afterwards Lady Lanerton.
[2] The Duke of Sutherland's place in Scotland.

word, knives in their mouths. All this strikes one, but I have been driving with them to-day and discovering their good points; great and most proper admiration of their mother, who reads all her books to them before they are published, and clever and discriminating appreciation of their beauties. Mrs. Stowe has always had a passion for writing ever since she was quite a child. "Uncle Tom" she wrote every word of herself; now she always has some one to dictate to. She is very pleasant and interesting to listen to, but I do not think one would discover her wonderful powers from her conversation.

'September 17.—Mrs. Stowe is entirely quiet in manner and talk, wears odd little wreaths in the evening. *Free*, nothing at all. Touch slavery! and then bursts forth all we know.'

On September 25 Lady Granville writes again to Lady Rivers. She says:

'Soon, very soon, will come the happiness of meeting, if all prospers as it now promises to do. The Fullertons will join me in London, and perhaps by the 13th I shall feel equal to Slindon. My health is excellent, my mouth (pain gone) extremely uncomfortable; of three things one (I beg for yours and George's[1] opinion): to remain as it is, with the occasional bore of gumboils—to have out one

[1] Mr. Stewart.

strong, fanged enemy (there will be three or four left, to take his place in aching, when he is departed) under the influence of chloroform, or the courage to have it out without it! The last gives me a nervous fear, quite ludicrous. . . .

'I cannot resist giving you and George the pleasure I feel. "Madame de Bonneval"[1] is coming out immediately in four numbers, in a new periodical of which M. Cochin is the *rédacteur en chef*, the three partners in it the Comte de Montalembert, the Duc de Broglie, M. de Falloux. The effect will be stunning. Mrs. Craven[2] writes: "It is a pity that you have no vanity" (to which Georgy in her letter to me appends these true and deep words, "or rather the art of concealing a considerable share of it under an appearance of great simplicity and indifference, now made still more easy by feeling a repugnance to be talked about, and a heart too sore not to suffer from excitement of any kind"); "as your friend I may be allowed to indulge without any scruple in *my* share of pride in finding my opinion so entirely confirmed by that of such a host of friends and academicians." She then copies M. Cochin's letter:

'"J'ai trouvé au Bourg D'iré M. de Montalembert, M. de Broglie, réunis chez M. de Falloux,

[1] A novel written in French by Lady G. Fullerton.
[2] The authoress of the *Récit d'une Sœur*.

Le Correspondant (name of the periodical) tout entier en partie de campagne. C'était six mains pour applaudir avec les miennes à votre lettre, pour s'ouvrir très avides à recevoir votre précieux manuscrit de Lady G. F. . . . Tout l'intéret du roman jeté sur une trame historique, assez de faits mêlés à des caractères bien tracés, et le dessein ne manquant plus que la couleur, une femme admirable peinte par une femme non moins admirable, et avec une étonnante connaissance des délicatesses du cœur, une merveilleuse possession de celles d'un langage qui n'est pas celui de l'auteur. Quoi de plus piquant? de plus émouvant? de plus attachant? Cette fois, si nos lecteurs se plaignent, nous les accuserons. Ils auront tort, et non pas nous."'

CHAPTER XXXI

Another winter in London—Extracts from 'The Christian Year'—Life at Chiswick and Slindon.

On October 6 Lady Granville dates again from her house in Hereford Street. In beginning her winter in London she is, as usual, seeking strength in the Word of God. She writes thus in her book on that day:

'"The Angel of the Lord tarrieth about them that fear Him, and delivereth them."—Psalm for the Day. We read, but how rarely we meditate upon the Word of God. How little we let its wonderful, all-comprehending wisdom enlighten, guide, and sustain us! I have been for some time nervous and often desponding at the fear of temper, spirits, "loving-kindness" failing under the great small trials of social intercourse. To-day's Psalm first seemed to electrify me, then soothe and strengthen me, and I feel "calm at His feet." Promise to those who *trust* and *believe* in the constant *presence* of Deity: "Hid from the provoking of all men, kept from the strife of tongues." Men write, exhort, expound—

after seventy-one years, for the first time, I fully enter into the meaning and unutterable peace of these words.

'H. GLLE.'

On October 7 she quotes from the xxxviith Psalm: 'Fret not thyself . . . do the thing that is good.'

And on October 8, the 20th Sunday after Trinity, she has the words 'cheerfully accomplish' from the collect for the day, and adds: 'And what a magnificent sanction for a free creed in its afternoon lesson![1] "Do not bind the counsels of the Lord our God. . . . Let us wait for salvation from Him, and call upon Him to help us, and He will hear our voice if it please Him."'[2]

On October 13 she begins a series of quotations 'from Caro.'s[3] "Christian Year,"' and continues them for a year from that time.[4] She loves to find coincidences with the lessons for the day in some of its verses for each Sunday. Thus, on the 21st Sunday after Trinity: 'Still bent to find or make the best' finds its parallel in 'patiently abide' from the Psalm for the Day.[5] Or she applies some of the descriptions to her own dear ones. In one instance

[1] The afternoon lesson for the day for October 8, not the Sunday lesson.

[2] Judith viii. 16, 17. [3] Mrs. Lamb.

[4] It will be noticed that Keble's lines are often slightly altered to suit Lady Granville's application of them.

[5] Ps. lxxi. 12.

she notes that the following lines from the hymn for the 24th Sunday after Trinity are marked 'G.' by Mrs. Lamb as applicable to Lady Carlisle :

> O bliss of childlike innocence and love,
> Tried to old age, creative power to win,
> And raise new worlds, where happy fancies rove,
> Forgetting quite this grosser world of sin.

And adds: 'And what follows, as applicable to that adorable sister by me :

> Bright are her dreams, because her thoughts are clear,
> Her memory cheering. . . .
> Farewell for her th' ideal scenes so fair—
> Yet not farewell her hope.

On the Sunday before Advent she puts 'Slindon' before the words :

> Their arms are crossed
> In agonising prayer,

thinking of the still intense grief of her daughter Georgiana and her husband.

On Innocents Day she applies to 'Susan's departed darlings' the lines :

> No cheek of either wears
> The deep-worn trace of penitential tears,
> But all is bright and smiling love.
> . . . . . .
> These, like yourselves, were born to sin and die,
> But ere the poison root was grown,
> God set His seal and marked them for His own.
> . . . . . .

Now, underneath the Cross their bed they make,
Not to be scared from that sure rest.

And to Georgiana's

O joy for Rachel's broken heart,
She and her (son) shall meet no more to part;
So dear to Christ her pious haste
To trust him in His arms for ever safe embraced;
She dares not grudge to leave him there,
Where to behold him was her heart's first prayer,
She dares not grieve, but she must weep.

In the hymn for the Second Sunday after Epiphany she finds again marked 'G.' by Mrs. Lamb the words:

The dear delight
Of hearts that know no guile,
That all around see all things bright
With their own magic smile.

On the first Sunday after Easter she writes: 'I find in this day's "thoughts in verse" what I wish to be my aim and endeavour *now* in my seventy-second year:

Hear, from Thy mercy-throne!
. . . . .
Let not my wilful heart . . . burst away
From where the holy shadow lay,
Where Heaven my lot had cast . . .
. . . . .
Safe on the steps of Jesus' throne
Be tranquil and be blest.
. . . .

Shun not thy daily task,
Hide not thsyelf for calm;
. . . .
Our hearths are altars all.
. . . . . .
Alms all around and hymns within—
What evil eye can entrance win
Where guards like these abound?'

And by the side of the lines she has written: 'Read with more hope in my seventy-sixth year.'

On Ascension Day she writes: 'I was deeply moved in seeing "Fern Hill" written by dearest Caro. on the margin on which the following lines were marked:

So help us evermore with Thee to bow,
Where human sorrow breathes her lowly moan.[1]

In the early part of 1857 Lady Granville was at Castle Howard. From thence she went in the spring to Rushmore, and it is 'from my covered seat at Rushmore, looking down on the woodland scenery to the distant sea,' that she sees a view to which she thinks the following lines applicable:

Underneath each . . . arch of green,
On every mountain top, God's chosen scene
Of pure heart-worship.[2]

[1] It will be remembered that it was at Fern Hill that Lady Granville passed some of the early days of her great sorrow.

[2] Keble's 'Christian Year,' Hymn for the Ninth Sunday after Trinity.

From Rushmore she went to the rooms at Chiswick which the Duke of Devonshire had put at her disposal, while she lent her own house in London to Lady Rivers and her family for the London season. During this time she went to hear Spurgeon preach, who does not seem to have pleased her. She says in a letter to Lady Georgiana Fullerton: 'You know my dislike to walking backwards and forwards, turning, bowing. What *must* I think of wriggling and *joking?* And then came those most dear to me, talking of being thrilled, as for the first time awakened. I cannot give it a thought, but I *hate* descriptions about it.'

At this time Lord Granville had taken a small farm at Golder's Green, and his wife had fitted up a small cottage there very prettily. My grandmother enjoyed going now and then to spend the day there. She describes one of these visits thus:

'I have passed a most charming day at Golder's Green. Chiswick is delightful, but not country I feel there five miles from London—at Golder's Green fifty—height, air, beautiful distant views of Harrow—close to the road—no pretension, a farm-house. Within, all prettiness, luxury, comfort. Leveson was gardening, she drawing. We had a *fatal* luncheon, such an exquisite pudding! Two helps! I stayed there till five. She was delightful. Then came tea with Susan *here*.'

From Chiswick Lady Granville went to stay at Slindon with the Fullertons. We have an extract headed 'The view from my window at Slindon' prefacing the following description from one of the works of a Mrs. Thompson:

'The view was a glorious one, at all hours and in all lights. The sloping hill, so thickly wooded that seen from above one might dream of stepping with great strides upon the tree-tops down to the ocean, and then, beyond, the wide, trackless ocean itself, quivering and sparkling in the sunshine or moonlight.'

During this visit to Slindon Lady Granville occupied herself in preparing the ingenious little articles for her poor people to sell to which I have before alluded. In a letter to Lady Rivers, dated September 22, she says: 'I am busy; a whole course of moralities upon twirls;[1] "Up and be doing," "Do as you would be done by," to which the great authoress[2] insists upon my adding some slang ones, such as "Pop goes the weasel," "Welcome, old fellow," &c. Ask Totty[3] to send me some mottoes. . . . Will you also ask Totty to send me the name of a flower appropriate to each month? So —January, holly, &c.'

[1] Probably some little round card needlebooks which she used to make with little mottoes or pictures upon them.

[2] She thus playfully styles Lady G. Fullerton.

[3] Margaret Pitt's nickname.

Lady Granville had been on the preceding day to the service at Chichester Cathedral, and says: 'The magnificent anthem—Purcell's—for the 106th Psalm is still ringing in my ears.'

Slindon Cottage, where the Fullertons lived, was close to Slindon House, inhabited at that time by the widow of the fourth Earl of Newburgh, a daughter of Joseph Webb, Esq., of Odstock. She died in August 1861, aged ninety-nine, and the Fullertons used often to visit her. She had a wonderful talent for painting flowers in the most minute way, and my grandmother has stuck in her book an extremely pretty drawing of a rose, underneath which is written, apparently by Lady Newburgh herself, 'Painted by Anne Countess of Newburgh in her 94½ year, October the 5th, 1857.' In another part of the book there is a small print of Slindon House, pasted in during another visit of my grandmother to the Fullertons, when she quotes from the lesson for the day, Ecclesiasticus xliii.: 'The pride of the height! the beauty of heaven! with His glorious shew! . . . The work of the Most High. . . . Great is the Lord that made it!' and heads the quotation 'Slindon!'

CHAPTER XXXII

Death of the Duke of Devonshire—Lady Granville's affection for Lady G. Fullerton.

THE year 1858 began sadly, for on January 17 Lady Granville lost her beloved brother, who of late years had become specially dear to her, and on that date she quotes:

> No hearts beat echoless if they believe
> A more than Brother in that heaven is theirs,
> Who loves them most when all alone they grieve,
> And with His incense doth perfume their prayers.

And on the 18th she writes the one word 'Ended.' The Duke was buried at Edensor, near Chatsworth, on January 27, and beneath the word 'Edensor' she quotes from Genesis l.:[1] 'And it was a very great company . . . and there they mourned with a great and very sore lamentation. . . . This is a grievous mourning.' And from the Burial Service, 'May we rest in Him as our hope is this our brother doth.'

Soon after the Duke of Devonshire's death

[1] The Lesson for the Day.

Lady Granville went to Rushmore, for I find that she writes:

'In a letter from Georgiana, written to me from London to Rushmore, March 8, 1858: "I cannot resist copying out a few sentences from Father Faber's last book, 'The Foot of the Cross,' which is dedicated to me, 'In affectionate remembrance of a season of darkness which God consecrated to Himself by more than a common sorrow:'

'"Furthermore, our sorrow must be our own, we must not expect any one else to understand it. It is one of the conditions of true sorrow that it should be misunderstood. Sorrow is the most individual thing in the whole world; we must not, therefore, expect to meet with sympathy at all adequate to what we are suffering. It will be a great thing if it be suitable, even though it is imperfect. It is very desolate to lean on sympathy and find that it will not bear our weight. It is very difficult to erect ourselves again. It is best, therefore, to keep our sorrows as secret as we can. Unfitting sympathy irritates us and makes us sin. Inadequate sympathy lets the limb fall harshly to the ground. But God *knows* everything. There are volumes of comfort in that. God *means* everything. There is light for every darkness."'

The links of affection between Lady Granville and her daughter Georgiana were being drawn closer

and closer as time went on, and she seems to have reproached herself for not having always, as she afterwards thought, appreciated her daughter sufficiently. There are some interesting extracts and comments upon them, bearing on this subject: 'What Mme. Cayler writes to Mme. Maintenon, entreating her to go and see her.

'"Elle," calling herself her *petite nièce*, "serait aussi hébétée au jeu que vous le voudriez; elle travaillerait si sagement! elle écouterait ou ferait la lecture! aussi, et c'est peut-être bien là le meilleur pour la faire recevoir, elle partirait au moindre signe. Si vous voulez la laisser au monde, elle vous assure sans hypocrisie qu'elle retrouvera pour lui encore plus de temps qu'il ne lui en faut; si c'est du repos que vous lui voulez, elle n'en trouve qu'avec vous; si c'est sa santé, elle y trouve son régime et sa commodité; en un mot elle trouve tout avec vous, et rien sans vous."

'All this Georgy does for me and with me. The difference is that what Mme. de Cayler *writes* Georgy's only wish is that I should not find out. "Hot coals," which upon my knees I have quenched with my tears, no feeling left, but unbounded gratitude to God and her.

'Yet I always felt towards her what Diderot describes in the following passage, and I believe the consciousness of it was what (added to her

generous and unselfish nature) made her overlook so many *wrongs*, that is the true word: "C'est pour elle que je réfléchis, que j'écris, que je médite, que j'éntends, que je regarde, que je sens dans son absence. Une belle ligne me frappe-t-elle? elle le saura. Ai-je rencontré un beau trait? je me promets de lui en faire part. Ai-je sous les yeux quelque spectacle enchanteur? sans m'en apercevoir j'en médite le récit pour elle. Je lui ai consacré l'usage de tous mes facultés, et c'est peut-être la raison pour laquelle tout s'exagère, tout s'enrichit un peu dans mon imagination et dans mon discours."'

Perhaps it was the difference of creed which may have at one time made Lady Granville feel less warmly for Lady Georgiana, as her change of religion must have been a great grief to her mother. But as time went on they both probably learned more to dwell on the points of union between them. Thus in one passage of her book, probably written at Slindon, Lady Granville writes as follows:

'My beloved Georgy came into my room as I was reading the Morning Service; we talked eagerly and delightedly about works of charity that deeply interest us, of the danger of such interests becoming too absorbing, of the duty of checking its *entraînements* and regulating its fascination. She

left me, and I took up my sacred duty at the point I had reached when she came in to me. The first words were these: "Behold, how good and joyful a thing it is . . . to dwell together in unity! It is like . . . precious ointment" and "dew." . . . "For there the Lord promised His blessing, and life for evermore," and this in two characters where (but for God's all-embracing mercy) the anguish of separation and the fierceness of controversy might have ruled and reigned.'

CHAPTER XXXIII

Death of Lady Margaret Leveson—Death of Lady Carlisle—Dangerous illness of Marie, Lady Granville—Time at Bournemouth—Last extracts in Lady Granville's book—Her death.

On May 22, 1858, Lady Granville had a great grief in the death of her daughter-in-law, Lady Margaret Leveson Gower, three days after the birth of a son. In her book I find pasted a photograph of her, taken from a bas-relief by Miss Hosmer, a sculptress in whom Lady Marian Alford, Lady Margaret's sister, was much interested. Lady Marian had been like a mother to her sister, and felt her death most bitterly. Lady Granville writes: 'To Lady M. Alford the day I first saw my beloved Freddy's boy:'

> You have beheld me in my agony,
> And shown a feeling heart.[1]

And her quotations at this time bear upon this sorrow.

Thus she quotes from an author named 'Gaume:' 'Profound sorrow, in some shape or other, must

[1] Schiller.



LADY MARGARET LEVESON GOWER

From a Bas-relief by Miss Hosmer



come sooner or later to every one. Then—do not depend on nature, reason, or men. Positive religion alone will sustain your soul.'

And from Sandeau she quotes, with reference to the birth of her little grandson: 'Un berceau est plus éloquent qu'une chaire, et rien n'enseigne mieux à l'homme les côtés sérieux de sa destinée.'

This was to be indeed a year of sorrows, for on August 8 Lady Carlisle died. There is a touching page in the commonplace book, dated July 1858, Castle Howard, beginning with these lines:

> Afflicted saint, to Christ draw near,
> Thy Saviour's gracious promise hear;
> His faithful word declares to thee
> That as thy day thy strength shall be—

and under the date 14th, Hereford Street, Lady Granville writes: 'A short hour before all was closed here that angel desired her maid to read to her the above. *Now*, affliction over, strength having been granted with unutterable peace, who shall say aught but "Blessed be the name of the Lord"? Adored sister, may God grant—His will be done.'

Then comes a photograph of Lady Carlisle from a drawing of her by Thorburn, and the following quotation from Faber: 'Death is a flight away from earth, not a lying down a few feet beneath its sod. It is a vigorous outburst of a new life, not a resting on a clay pillow from the weary, full toil of

this. . . . This world is only the porch of another and more magnificent temple of the Creator's majesty, wherein man will enter still further into the Creator's power and learn that to be in the Creator's power is the creature's happiness.'

The Duke of Devonshire had left his charming villa at Chiswick to his two sisters in succession for their life, and after Lady Carlisle's death it came to Lady Granville. For the remainder of her life she made her home partly there and partly in her house in Hereford Street, making both these houses of great use to Lady Rivers and her family. Chiswick was a pleasant home for her, where she had many visits from her relations. I recollect many delightful weeks passed there with her, and often also with my uncle Frederic Leveson and my aunt Lady Georgiana Fullerton. But she was now an old woman, and wrote less in her books, and the extracts bear more upon her reading and less upon current events, either public or private. The two extracts under the heading of January 9, 1859, seem very applicable to her sorrows of the preceding year. They are as follows:

'Je m'occupe de l'obligation que j'ai à Dieu de me conduire si doucement à la mort; je le remercie de l'envie qu'il me donne de m'y préparer tous les jours.' [1]

[1] Mme. de Sévigné.

'Le plus sûr est d'aimer les ordres de Dieu et de s'y soumettre; c'est le seul moyen de les trouver plus doux.'[1]

In August of this year Lady Granville was first at Littlehampton and then at Rushmore, and under the date of August 29 we find this entry:

'Written yesterday (my 74th birthday) by my beloved Georgy. These beautiful verses entered into my soul, giving me strength to live and die.'

Each year that God's unbounded love
  Vouchsafes of life to thee,
Deepens the grateful sense of all
  That thou hast been to me.

A friend, and far more than a friend,
  To human friendship true;
Thy love, thy sympathy, a balm
  On every trial threw.

None can e'er know, or guess, or tell,
  How strong the link that binds
Our hearts in one, and lays its spell
  Upon our kindred minds.

More I could say, far more express,
  But, dearest, I forbear,
And only from my heart to God
  Shall rise that speechless prayer.

By the side of these lines Lady Granville has written: 'Of her I can only say, "Tant de sacrifices

[1] M. Corbinelli.

ne pouvaient demeurer stériles. La pieuse chrétien
est avec bonheur arrivée à l'abrogation totale d'el
même. Cette haute et belle intelligence, cet esp
vaste et fortement trempé, ce cœur sensible à l'exc
ne s'estime plus elle-même; les plus grands malheu
la trouvent calme et la laissent résignée.'[1]

In October my grandmother had again a gre
anxiety in the dangerous illness of her son Lo
Granville's wife during a visit to her own Germ
home of Herrnsheim in Saxony. She had be
given up by the doctors, had been told of her gre
danger, and had received the last Sacraments, wh
she suddenly rallied for a time, and lived till Mar
of the following year. In my grandmother's bo
there are some touching letters to her from Lo
Granville, in one of which he has copied an interes
ing letter from the Queen, who wrote from Winds
as follows:

'Words are wanting to say how *very*, *ve*
deeply we *both* feel for our kind and valued frien
Lord Granville, at this dreadful moment. Go
will be done, but as long as there is life there
hope! It was not till a very few days ago tha
learnt there *was* cause for serious alarm.
Granville's last letters were so full of hope
indeed so reassuring, that the sad news whic
on Sunday took us most painfully by surpri

[1] Par un missionnaire.



Mary, Lady Leveson
afterwards
Countess Granville



need not say *how* we appreciated and liked this *trance* which Lord Granville describes as on the eve of going to a better and purer world; he knows what universal sympathy and feeling for her and for him there is. May God support and comfort him is our earnest prayer. We beg that Mr. F. Leveson will write and tell us how dear Lady Granville is, and how Lord Granville bears these days of anguish.'

But on October 30 better news came, and under that date my grandmother writes: 'On waking I found a most unexpected, excellent telegram from Herrnsheim: "Grande amélioration." After the first emotion and grateful thanksgivings I began my daily reading and opened on, "He healeth those that are broken in heart and giveth medicine to heal their sickness,"[1] and "Thy God, whom thou servest continually, He will help thee."'[2]

In November my grandmother was at Bournemouth with Lord and Lady Rivers. It was only four months after the loss of their third son William Frederic, and Bournemouth brought with it memories of the deaths of his two brothers George and Granville, which had taken place there. Under the date November 11 Lady Granville writes thus:

'I see how painful it is to dearest Rivers to be here. He dislikes going out, and has remained

[1] Ps. cxlvii. 3. [2] Dan. vi. 16.

almost all day reading in my room, where he had, on taking possession of it, endeavoured in vain to decipher by an uncertain light a passage written in old English letters over the door. He gave it up and presently took to his book, Major Hodson's "Twelve Years in India." He presently found, page 12, the following sentence:

> Nec vero illa nobis nunc somno et inertibus horis
> Ducere solicitæ jucunda oblivia vitæ.

He looked up again at the words over the door, and it was true. "I never saw anything so struck as he was," writes the "big-ite." We know that feeling.

Lady Granville spent that Christmas at Bourne[illegible] with her son Frederic and Mr Stewart. [illegible] her afterwards, and on

[illegible]



Walker & Wells Mx. Sc.

George, 4th Lord Rivers.

From a painting by the Hon.ble Henry Graves



In January 1860 Lady Granville returned to Chiswick, and on the 15th she writes: "Seventy years behind, Eternity before me." I read this yesterday in a strange tale. It first startled me, then soothed me.'

For a time Lady Granville left off writing in her book. Her first entry in 1861 is: 'Chiswick House, July the 21st, 1861. Again in my seventy-seventh year, I begin the daily habit of writing a sentence from some book I read, some letter I receive, or some word I hear.'

Then turn thee, for the time is short,
But trace not o'er the former way,
Lest idle 'visions' court
Thy heedless soul away.

. . . . .

I trust not the dangerous path again.
O forward step and lingering will!
O! loved and warned in vain!

. . . . .

Thine home in sight.

. . . . .

In sorrow kneeling, and in fear,
Fast bound
To the bright shore of love.[1]

Then comes 'a pause of three weeks from indisposition of mind and body.'

[1] Keble, Hymn for the Eighth Sunday after Trinity.

Her active life is over :

> It is the endurance of blank interval,
> The patient suffering where no action is,
> That proves our nature. Many are who act.
> But oh ! how few endure ! [1]

This is the last extract in Lady Granville's books, and it seems not unfitly to close the record I have tried to give of her thoughts and feelings during her long years of widowhood.

She died on November 25, 1862.

[1] Le Benoni.

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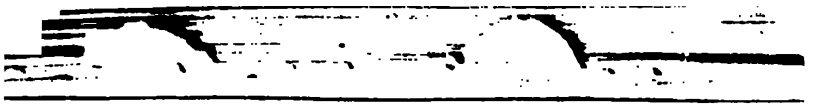
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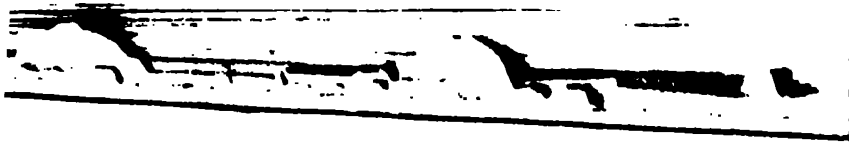
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